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SCHOOL DIA-  
LOGUES AND  
ENTERTAIN-  
MENTS

FOR GRAMMAR  
GRADES

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PRICE, 25 Cents

Walter H. Baker & Co., Boston





Class PN4291

Book P5

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# School Dialogues *and* Entertainments

For Grammar Grades

By  
HARRIET H. PIERSON  
*and others*

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BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1910

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# School Dialogues and Entertainments

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Part I

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School Dialogues



# The Dollies' Fortune

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## CHARACTERS :

Three little girls ; two dressed for the street ; one, a little older, dressed to represent a fortune-teller.

SCENE.—*Any room. Discovered*—FORTUNE-TELLER seated in large armchair with table beside her, on which is a candle.

*Enter two girls with dolls.*

F. T. Good-afternoon, ladies.

BOTH GIRLS. Good-afternoon.

1ST GIRL. Is this the fortune-teller ?

F. T. It is. Will you be seated ? (*Girls take seats.*)

1ST G. We brought our dollies to have their fortunes told.

F. T. Ah, yes, it will give me great pleasure.

2D GIRL. Do you tell only good things that are going to happen ?

F. T. Oh, I must tell just what I see, whether it is good or bad. But if you are not pleased with what I tell you, you need not pay me for it.

2D G. Oh, is that it ? That's very fair, I'm sure. And if we are suited, how much do you charge ?

F. T. Then you must cross my palm with silver. Do you agree ?

2D G. Oh, certainly.

F. T. And which comes first ?

2D G. (*to 1ST G.*). You go first.

1ST G. Very well.

(*Takes seat beside F. T., who lights her candle and looks solemnly at doll's hand.*)

F. T. (*speaking very slowly, with long pauses*). I see that this child is to be very fortunate. She will have many friends, plenty of fine clothes, beautiful dresses with hats, parasols and fans to match. I see that she will be an obedient and dutiful child, but she is inclined to be rather delicate, and you should

be careful of her health. Never allow her to get her feet wet, or leave her out-of-doors at night. I see an accident of some kind; let me see—yes, I think she is to lose one of her arms——

1ST G. Oh!

F. T. But you can easily get a new one, and she will soon be as well as ever. And here is some good fortune coming to her—I can't tell just what it is, but you will know in about six months. I believe that is all. (*Bows dismissal.*)

1ST G. (*rising*). Thank you.

F. T. (*looking toward 2D G.*). The next! (*2D G. takes place. F. T. examines doll's hand as before.*) I see that this child, too, is to be a favorite of fortune. She will make friends wherever she goes. She will have plenty of pretty clothes and jewelry, a fine carriage, and possibly an automobile. She is to go on a journey soon—I think to Newport. You will have to watch her closely. Don't leave her out in the sun, or it will ruin her complexion; and don't take her in bathing on any account. I regret to say that she is to meet with some misfortune—yes, here it is; she is going to lose her beautiful hair——

2D G. Oh, how terrible!

F. T. But it can easily be replaced, and if you like you will be able to have a different color. I see that she will have a long life, and, for the most part, a happy one. (*Puts candle on table and bows dismissal.*) Now are you both satisfied?

2D G. (*rising*). With everything except the trouble that is to come to her. Naturally, I am not pleased with that.

1ST G. (*rising*). Nor I either.

F. T. Ah, but it will be only for a little time; they will soon be well again; and don't you know that you will love them all the better for the troubles they pass through?

GIRLS. Do you really think so?

F. T. Oh, yes; I am sure of it. Every misfortune that comes to your children will only make them dearer to you.

1ST G. Well, in that case——

2D G. Yes, in that case, we ought to be satisfied.

(*Both open purses and take out dimes with which they cross the F. T.'s palm.*)

F. T. Thank you.

GIRLS. Good-afternoon.

F. T. Good-afternoon.

CURTAIN



# A Gift to Santa Claus

---

## CHARACTERS :

EDNA.

MARIAN.

ALICE.

Time,—Christmas Eve.

SCENE I.—*Any room with shelf or place where stockings may be hung. Discovered—Three little girls, each hanging up a stocking.*

EDNA. There! I'm sure Santa Claus can't miss that. I got just the biggest stocking I could find.

ALICE. I should think so! I asked mother for one of hers, but she thought that wouldn't be fair. And I don't suppose it really would.

MARIAN. No, I don't think so either. When Santa Claus is so good to bring us presents, we ought to be satisfied with our own stocking full.

ED. I never thought about that. I didn't mean to be pig-gish. It *is* good of him to come so far and bring us so many things.

AL. Isn't it? And, do you know, I've been wondering if Santa Claus ever gets any presents himself.

MAR. Santa Claus? Oh, Alice! The idea! What should he care about presents?

AL. Well, why shouldn't he? Everybody likes to get presents, don't they?

ED. Yes, real people, of course; but Santa Claus—that seems different.

AL. Why different? Isn't Santa Claus real people?

ED. Why—yes, I suppose so; but we never saw him, you know.

MAR. Maybe Mrs. Santa Claus gives him presents, and his children, if he has any.

AL. Maybe; but I think it would be nice if we could give him something ourselves.

ED. We girls?

AL. Yes. Don't you think so?

MAR. Why, yes. That would be lovely!

ED. But what can we give him? I don't suppose he needs a thing.

AL. No, but just to show we remember him, you know.

MAR. Do you suppose he wears neckties? That's what mamma always gives papa.

ED. Oh, I don't think so. He wears fur gloves, but we haven't the money to get anything like that, and besides, there isn't time.

AL. I think he'd be just as well pleased with some little thing. Why not give him a nice big apple? I don't believe they grow where he lives; it's too cold.

MAR. All right!

ED. That would be fine. But how shall we do it?

AL. Why, we'll leave it here where he can't help but see it. Marian, you go get the apple, and Edna and I will write a note to put with it. Here's some paper that mother left this morning.  
[Exit MAR.]

(AL. seats herself at table to write. ED. looks over her shoulder.)

ED. What will you say?

AL. (*writing*). We'll just tell him who it's from. There! How's that?

ED. (*reading*). Good! (*Enter MAR., with big red apple.*) Oh, what a lovely apple! Listen, Marian, while Alice reads you what she's written.

AL. (*reading*). "Dear Santa Claus: This apple is for you, from Edna and Alice and Marian."

MAR. That's good. Now where shall we put it?

ED. I'll tell you. We'll set a chair right under the stockings and put the apple in it.

(*Arranges chair. MAR. places apple in it.*)

AL. And we'll pin the note to the back of the chair so he can't help but see it. Wait till I write his name on it. (*Writes.*) S-a-n-t-a C-l-a-u-s. There!

(*Pins note to chair.*)

ED. Isn't that great?

AL. Won't he be pleased!

MAR. I'd just like to see his face when he finds it!

*(All stand with clasped hands, smiling and looking at the apple.)*

## CURTAIN

SCENE II.—*Same room Christmas morning. Stockings filled; apple gone; note pinned on chair. Discovered—MAR. standing before the stockings.*

MAR. *(running toward door and calling)*. Girls, oh, girls, hurry up! The stockings are all full and the apple is gone!

*(ED. and AL. rush in.)*

AL. Oh, good! He found it!

ED. He found it!

AL. But the note is here. Oh, no; do let me see. *(Examines note.)* Why, it's another—from *him*—from Santa Claus!

ED. }  
MAR. } From Santa Claus!

AL. Yes; listen. *(Reads while others also look at note.)*  
“Dear Edna and Alice and Marian: Thank you for the nice red apple. It was the only Christmas present I had. I'll be sure to come again next year. Your friend, Santa Claus.”

ED. Oh, my!

MAR. Isn't that lovely!

AL. I'm so glad we thought of it.

ED. So am I.

MAR. He *was* pleased, wasn't he?

AL. Of course he was. We'll do it every year. But do see how full my stocking is!

ED. So is mine!

MAR. And mine, too!

*(Each takes down her stocking and holds it in her arms. They dance to front of stage and sing to the tune of “Jingle Bells.”)*

Hurrah for Santa Claus,  
That kind and good old man ;  
We hope he'll come again  
As often as he can.  
He stuffs our stockings full  
With gifts all bright and new,  
Then off he goes as quick as scat,  
He has so much to do.

*(Chorus.)*

Santa Claus, Santa Claus,  
What lovely things you do !  
Always you remember us,  
And we'll remember you. *(Repeat.)*

CURTAIN

# The Monomaniacs

---

## CHARACTERS :

MRS. DAVIS.

MRS. PERKINS.

MRS. WILLIAMS.

SCENE.—MRS. DAVIS'S *sitting-room*. *Discovered* — MRS. DAVIS and MRS. PERKINS, *the latter in street dress*.

MRS. P. (*rising*). I really must be going, Mrs. Davis. But there! I nearly forgot my errand. I wanted to ask if you have a skirt pattern that I can use for Elinor, one of the new styles. The one I have is so old, and she's getting quite particular now; she wants everything right up to date.

MRS. D. I think I have one. Sit down and I'll see.

(*Looks in box or basket.*)

MRS. P. Elinor's growing so fast, I can hardly keep her in clothes. All the dresses she had last year are up to her knees this year. I never saw the like.

MRS. D. There, how will that do? (*Hands pattern to MRS. P.*) I think it's a neat, pretty skirt.

MRS. P. Oh, yes, that will do nicely. Thank you so much. I'll cut one off and send Elinor over with this one tomorrow. She'll be glad of an excuse to come.

MRS. D. Oh, there's no hurry about it.

MRS. P. It's very good of you, I'm sure. (*Looks out of window.*) Is that Mrs. Williams across the street? Yes, I believe she's coming here. Now you'll hear about nothing but Marjorie every minute that she stays. Did you ever notice how she talks continually about that child? She doesn't give you a chance to say a word about anything else. It's the funniest thing!

MRS. D. Marjorie *is* a very interesting child.



MRS. P. Why, yes, to be sure; but she isn't the *only one* in the world. [Exit MRS. D.]

MRS. WILLIAMS (*talking outside*). I ought not to stop a minute. I promised Marjorie I'd meet her after school to do some shopping, and it's time I was on my way. (*Enter MRS. W. and MRS. D.*) Oh, good afternoon, Mrs. Perkins. (*Shakes hands with MRS. P.*) It's a long time since I've seen you. I told Marjorie yesterday I *must* call on you, and she said if I'd wait till Saturday she'd go too. The poor child is so busy with her studies she hardly gets a minute's time for recreation. They do *cram* children so nowadays; it's something dreadful, *I* think.

MRS. P. I know it! Why, Elinor has to study some nights till eleven o'clock. I'm actually afraid she'll overwork, she's so ambitious.

MRS. W. Yes, that's the way with Marjorie. But she's so anxious to pass her examinations, and she's always had such a high standing, so far, that I hate to have her fall behind.

MRS. P. That's just it. Elinor never gets less than ninety, and oftener it's ninety-seven and ninety-eight, and in Algebra two or three times she's had a hundred. She's fine in mathematics; she always was. I remember —

MRS. W. Oh, Marjorie has always got high credit marks, too. She does well in all her studies, but her specialty is English. She just *loves* it. She reads book after book, dry things, too, they seem to me, but she absorbs them like a sponge, without the least effort. It really surprises me.

MRS. P. Yes, Elinor's fond of reading, too. I wish I could remember how many books she's read since school began,—more than I read in a year.

MRS. W. What troubles me most is that Marjorie doesn't get time for her music. She was doing so beautifully with it last year; her teacher said she never saw a child get on so fast; but now she hasn't touched the piano in a month.

MRS. P. Oh, I insist that Elinor must practice half an hour every day, at least. I don't want her to lose what she's learned. She's got so she can play quite difficult music, and she reads it almost at sight. It's really wonderful. But now her eyes are troubling her, and she complains so much of headache I'm quite worried about it. I'm going to take her to the oculist next week and see if she needs glasses.

MRS. W. I dare say she does. When I got Marjorie's glasses she'd been having dreadful headaches for a long time,

and the oculist said it was all her eyes; she ought to have had glasses years ago. And he was right, for she's hardly had a headache since.

MRS. P. Well, I hope that's all that's the matter with Elinor. Her eyes have never been strong since she had the measles. She was so very sick then, you know, and we didn't know what it was at first, for hers was the only case around. We never could think where she got it. But I'm glad it's over with. I believe now she's had about all the children's diseases on the list.

MRS. W. So has Marjorie, all except whooping-cough. I hear there are one or two cases around. I'm so afraid she'll get it. I do hope it won't spread.

MRS. P. Oh, I hope not. I'm going to keep Elinor away from it if possible. But dear me! I must go. (*Rises and looks at watch.*) I didn't dream it was so late. Thank you so much for the pattern, Mrs. Davis. I'm sure Elinor will be delighted with it. Good-afternoon.

MRS. D. Oh, you're entirely welcome. Good-afternoon.

[*Exit* MRS. P.]

MRS. W. Isn't it too funny for anything the way Mrs. Perkins goes on about Elinor? She's just completely wrapped up in that child. (MRS. P. *reënters quietly and stands in sight of audience, but behind* MRS. D. *and* MRS. W.) She can't talk of anything or anybody else but Elinor the whole time.

MRS. P. Excuse me, Mrs. Davis; did you see anything of my gloves? I think I must have left them.

(*Both ladies rise.*)

MRS. W. (*excitedly*). Mercy on me! Is that you, Mrs. Perkins? What *was* I saying?

MRS. P. Just the same thing that I was saying about you before you came in. You say I can't talk about anything but Elinor, and I said you couldn't talk about anything but Marjorie.

MRS. W. I? The idea! How can you say anything like that!

MRS. P. Because it's true. I said it, and I'll stick to it. You never thought about it, perhaps, but if you would you'd see it for yourself. It's nothing but Marjorie, Marjorie, all the time.

MRS. W. Well, I'm very sure I don't talk about Marjorie

half as much as you do about Elinor. I don't suppose you realize it, but you never give me a *chance*, for it's all Elinor from beginning to end.

MRS. P. How queer! That's just the way I feel about you.

MRS. W. Well, I think we shall have to leave it to Mrs. Davis to decide which one of us is right. What do you say, Mrs. Davis?

MRS. D. Oh, don't appoint *me* your judge, I beg of you!

MRS. P. But please tell us honestly what you think.

MRS. D. (*smiling*). Perhaps it might be a good idea for both of you to watch yourselves carefully and see what *you* think.

MRS. W. You remind me of Marjorie. That's one of her favorite expressions: "Watch yourself, not somebody else." She always likes to fix the responsibility where it belongs. What *are* you laughing at? Oh, dear! I didn't think. I don't know but Mrs. Perkins is right.

MRS. P. You'll have to try Elinor's plan. When she wants to break off some habit she charges the whole family to remind her if she forgets. She's broken herself of—oh, there! Now you're laughing at *me*! I don't wonder. Mrs. Williams, I'm afraid you're right, too. I shall *surely* have to try Elinor's plan.

MRS. W. And I *must* try Marjorie's.

CURTAIN



# A Wily Salesman

---

CHARACTERS :

MRS. EDMONDS.

MRS. WORTH.

A SALESMAN.

SCENE.—*Any room. Discovered—*MRS. EDMONDS *seated, sewing.*

MRS. E. (*looking out of window*). I wonder who's coming now. Some agent or pedler, I should say. If they aren't the greatest nuisance !

(*Knock is heard. Mrs. E. goes to door.*)

SALESMAN (*entering*). Good-afternoon, madam.

MRS. E. (*retreating*). Good-afternoon. I don't wish for anything to-day.

SALESMAN. Ah, madam, if you knew what I have here you would not say that.

MRS. E. Yes, I should, for I'm really not in need of *any*-thing.

SALESMAN. Yes, madam ; but if you will look only for a moment at the beautiful goods I will show you I'm sure you will change your mind. (*Opens grip.*)

MRS. E. I can tell you you're only wasting your time as well as mine.

SALESMAN (*holding up a piece of dress-goods*). These, madam, are all imported goods in dress lengths, eight yards, in the very newest materials and shades. Now, isn't that a beautiful piece ?

MRS. E. Yes ; but I don't care for any dress-goods at all.

SALESMAN. And here is another, handsomer still. See how soft and fine it is. And only four dollars a yard.

MRS. E. Four dollars !

SALESMAN. Yes, madam, it's one of the greatest bargains ever known. Don't you think so?

MRS. E. No; I think it's an outrageous price.

SALESMAN. But, madam, let me tell you. I've been selling these same identical goods all along for five dollars a yard; but I know if I can sell a piece to you it will be one of the best advertisements I could have, so I made up my mind to sell at a sacrifice and let you have it for four dollars. What do you say?

MRS. E. No, I couldn't think of paying any such price as that.

SALESMAN. Well, now, madam, there's one piece I want to show you that's the handsomest of all, and one of the new shades that all Paris is wild over. I might have sold it a hundred times, but, you see, it's a very trying color, and only a very few women, young and with perfect complexions, can wear it. There was a lady just around the corner who caught sight of it and was just crazy to buy it, but I knew she'd look like a fright in it, and I never like to sell anything that I think people will be dissatisfied with afterward. So I said to her, "Madam, I'm afraid you would find it a rather trying shade; wouldn't you like this dark red better?" Well, say! she flew at me like a mad hen, and of course I lost my sale. But, as I say, I'd rather lose money than have my customers dissatisfied.

MRS. E. Who was the lady? Mrs. Worth?

SALESMAN. Yes, I believe that was the name,—Mrs. Worth. She ought to thank me for saving her from making herself look ugly, but of course she won't. But, now, madam, won't you let me sell you this dress pattern? I—really—pardon me, but I'm sure you would look charming in it.

MRS. E. Oh, thank you! I—I really don't know. It is lovely. It would make an elegant evening gown. I've half a mind to get it to wear to Mrs. Worth's reception next month. I suppose it's the same price as the others?

SALESMAN. Ahem! Well, no, madam, I can't sell this for less than five dollars a yard.

MRS. E. Five dollars! Why does it cost so much?

SALESMAN. The very fact that it is such a delicate and beautiful shade makes it more expensive. You see the manufacturers find it very difficult to make the color always the same, and there has been such a call for it that it is hard to supply the demand.

MRS. E. That seems a good deal to pay, but after all, it's

only a dollar more on a yard, and I do want it dreadfully. Yes, I think I'll take it.

SALESMAN. Very well, madam; I think you're wise, for you'll never find a more becoming color, or a dress that will give you better satisfaction.

MRS. E. (*taking purse from drawer*). That would be—eight yards—forty dollars.

SALESMAN. Yes, madam; thank you. Good-afternoon.

[*Exit.*

MRS. E. (*looking at goods*). It *is* a beautiful piece, but I ought not to have bought it; it was a dreadful price, and I'm sure I don't know what Horace will say. He'll think I'm terribly extravagant. But it is just too perfectly lovely for anything! I wonder if it *will* be becoming to me? (*Goes to glass, unfolds goods and holds up around her face.*) Of course I can see that Cassandra Worth *would* look like a fright in it. How could she ever think of wearing such a thing! But, really, it *is* becoming to me. (*Bell rings.*) Good gracious! (*Tumbles goods out of sight and goes to door.*) Oh, Mrs. Worth! How do you do! (*Enter MRS. WORTH, with bundle.*) Come in, do. I'm *so* glad to see you. Do have a chair.

MRS. W. No, thanks; I can't stay a minute. I just ran in to show you some dress-goods I bought of a man that came around this afternoon. (*Unties string of bundle.*) Did he stop here?

MRS. E. Oh, yes, and I bought some, too. Do let me show you! (*Brings out goods.*) Isn't it a lovely color? He said it was a very trying shade, and there were very few people to whom he could recommend it, but he was sure it would be immensely becoming to me. Don't you think it's beautiful?

MRS. W. Yes, it is.

MRS. E. Didn't he show it to you?

MRS. W. Yes, he showed it to me. (*Removes paper from bundle and holds up goods.*) And I bought it—or one just like it. He told me the very same thing.

MRS. E. He did! Oh, the wretch!

(*Both stand holding goods and looking daggers at each other.*)

CURTAIN

# Escaped From the Zoo

---

## CHARACTERS :

Three boys and one girl.

SCENE.—*Any room. Discovered—GIRL seated, reading.*

*Enter THREE BOYS ; one with bushy hair standing out from his head, representing a lion ; one stretching up a long neck, representing a giraffe ; one with both hands held in front, hanging loose from wrists, representing a kangaroo. GIRL starts up in alarm, as they move about the room, the lion roaring and shaking his mane, the giraffe reaching up to nibble something above his head, the kangaroo galloping about.*

GIRL.

Pray tell me, what do these antics mean ?  
And who in the world are you ?

LION.

Why, we are animals, don't you see ?  
We've just escaped from the Zoo.

*(Runs fingers through hair.)*

I am the lion.

GIRAFFE *(stretching neck).*

And I'm the giraffe.

KANGAROO *(galloping).*

And I am the kangaroo.

*(The same motions are repeated with the closing lines of each verse.)*

GIRL. You look quite ugly and fierce enough  
To frighten me through and through.

GIRAFFE.

Why, that's quite natural, don't you see?  
For we belong to the Zoo.

LION.

The strong, young lion.

GIRAFFE.

The tall giraffe.

KANGAROO.

The galloping kangaroo.

GIRL.

But, really, this is no proper place  
For wild young things like you.

KANGAROO.

Oh, friend, if this is our welcome, then  
We'll all go back to the Zoo.

LION.

The noble lion.

GIRAFFE.

The lean giraffe.

KANGAROO.

The curious kangaroo.

LION.

We leave you, madam, with deep regret.

GIRAFFE.

We bid you a sad adieu.

KANGAROO.

But when you come to the city again,  
Be sure you visit the Zoo.

LION.

You'll see the lion.

GIRAFFE.

You'll see the giraffe.

KANGAROO.

And also the kangaroo.

*(All bow and BOYS exeunt.)*

CURTAIN



## The Little Stars

---

Dialogue for one larger and two smaller girls. A curtain, preferably dark blue, is arranged across one corner of stage, with a large gilt star fastened near the top. The larger girl is concealed behind this curtain. The two smaller girls recite in concert, looking toward the star.

TWO GIRLS.

One little star is shining  
Down from the deep blue sky,  
Peeping at us in the darkness,  
Blinking her one bright eye.  
Poor little weary wanderer !  
Where are your playmates bright ?  
Why have they left you lonely ?  
And where's Mrs. Moon to-night ?

OLDER GIRL.

Dear little children, listen !  
My playmates are workers, too ;  
All day long they are shining  
Bright in the deep, deep blue.  
'Tis only because the sunlight  
Is brighter and stronger far,  
That you, in your far-away earth-world,  
Can see no sign of a star.  
But when you are turned from the sunlight  
And the day grows into the night,  
Then, one by one, in the darkness  
The stars show forth their light.

TWO GIRLS.

Oh, star, give us some of your brightness !  
You never would miss it, we know ;  
Then we, too, could carry the starlight,  
Clear shining, wherever we go.

OLDER GIRL.

Dear little children, listen !  
 You shall be stars indeed,  
 Shining with brightest radiance ;  
 Only to this give heed :  
 Kind thoughts that your hearts may cherish  
 Like stars in your eyes will glow ;  
 Kind words will be rays that sparkle  
 Like stars wherever you go ;  
 Kind deeds that you do for others  
 Will be golden gleams that shine,  
 To gladden the world around you  
 With a brightness greater than mine.

TWO GIRLS.

Dear star, we will heed the lesson,  
 And shine like the stars above,  
 Making the world around us  
 Happy with light and love.

### CURTAIN

*(The three girls are discovered, the older one wearing on her breast the star that hung on the curtain, and each of the others a smaller star. Together they sing or recite.)*

Like little stars we're shining,  
 Making the darkness bright,  
 Over the weary earth-world  
 Shedding our golden light.

*(Chorus.)*

Shining, shining, shining,  
 Just like the stars above,  
 Making the world around us  
 Happy with light and love.

Just as the stars are smiling  
 Down on the earth below,  
 We may reflect the sunlight,  
 Shining where'er we go.

Each in her little corner,  
Whether at work or play,  
We would be always shining,  
Turning the night to day.



# The S. I. M.'s

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## CHARACTERS :

ETHEL.  
MAUD.  
DOROTHY.

KENNETH.  
STANLEY.  
CHARLES.

SCENE I.—*Any room. Discovered—the three girls seated.*

DOROTHY. I wonder if those boys *will* come. I don't feel at all sure about it myself.

MAUD. Oh, I *hope* so. If they don't I shall be awfully provoked. It will just spoil everything.

ETHEL. I think they'll be here. It isn't quite three o'clock yet. Oh, there! See? They're coming now. (*Enter boys.*) Well, here you are. Take some seats. I was pretty sure we could depend on you, but the girls were afraid you'd take a notion not to come.

STANLEY. Did come pretty near it.

MAUD. Did you, really?

KENNETH. Yes, sure. We didn't know what kind of a scheme you girls had on foot. Afraid we might fall into some trap.

DOR. What an idea!

MAUD. Very flattering, isn't it?

ETH. Yes, indeed. I'm not sure but we ought to punish you by not letting you into our secret after all.

CHARLES. Secret, is it? Very important, of course. Girls' secrets always are.

MAUD. Yes, it *is* important. Did you suppose we'd invite you here for nothing?

CHAR. Hope not; but when you come to talk about a secret (*shakes head*)—sometimes it's very *near* to nothing.

STAN. That's right. But come, do go on with the thing. Let's have it over with.

KEN. So I say.

ETH. Well, if you'll behave for five minutes I'll tell you.

CHAR. Five minutes!

STAN. That's rather rough on a fellow.

KEN. I should say so. But go ahead, Ethel. We'll try our best.

ETH. Listen, then. (*Boys make great show of listening with open mouths and staring eyes.*) Oh, dear, how you act!

MAUD. Ethel, I just wouldn't tell them at all.

DOR. I *knew* it was no use to try to have them in it.

STAN. Well, what would you have us do?

ETH. Just be quiet and sensible, and say nothing until I get through.

KEN. All right, boys; mum's the word.

(*All sit still as statues, with grave faces.*)

ETH. Well, we want to form some kind of an improvement society. We haven't decided just what, but we thought it would be nice to get together and talk it over and make our plans, then, if we like, we can invite others to join. And we can have meetings every two weeks and have lots of fun. What do you think about it? (*Silence for a moment.*)

KEN. Are you through?

ETH. Yes, I think so.

CHAR. H'm. Is *that* all? Great secret that is, I must say.

STAN. What do you expect us to *do*? That's what I want to know.

ETH. Why, you make some rules and try to follow them, and when you meet you talk it over and play games and have lots of fun.

KEN. Must be something great!

MAUD. Well, it is. And I should think you'd want to join. I'm sure you need it badly enough!

STAN. That may be; but where does the improvement part come in?

ETH. Why, it's to improve your mind, I suppose, any way you like. That's what we want to talk about. We might read something and then tell about it, or—oh, I don't know—any number of things.

STAN. Oh, I see. Must be very helpful.

DOR. We might know you wouldn't care about anything we get up. But you needn't make fun of it. They have an

improvement society over at Grafton, and George and Ella Flint belong to it, and they say it's fine.

CHAR. H'm, I see. Well, if that's what's improved George Flint so much, I don't think I want that kind. He's the biggest dude that ever walked the earth. So you can just count me out.

STAN. Me, too. I don't care about that kind of improvement myself.

MAUD. You boys are too provoking for anything! I'll tell you what you *do* need to improve most of all, and that's your manners.

KEN. Ha! Good idea, Maud! Tell you what we'll do. You girls form a society for the improvement of the mind, and we boys will form one for the improvement of the manners. Of course *girls'* manners don't need to be improved.

CHAR. Oh, no, of course not.

KEN. A month from to-day we'll meet again, at the same time and place, and compare results, and see which has made the most progress. What do you say?

ETH. Suppose we do it.

MAUD. I'm willing.

DOR. So am I.

KEN. All right, it's a bargain! And remember, we're both the S. I. M.'s.

## CURTAIN

SCENE II.—*Same as Scene I. A month later. Discovered—the three boys seated.*

KEN. Now, don't forget your parts, boys; do your very best. Here they come. (*Enter girls. Boys rise and shake hands with each girl, with obsequious bows.*) Ah, have you come at last? (*To ETH., as he shakes hands.*) Good-afternoon, Miss Ethel—Miss Maud—Miss Dorothy. I'm really delighted to see you once more.

STAN. (*as he shakes hands*). So happy to have the pleasure. I trust you are all enjoying good health this beautiful afternoon.

CHAR. (*as he shakes hands*). I am quite overcome with joy at meeting you all once more. It seems an age since we last met.

*(Girls respond to each in turn with nods and embarrassed giggles.)*

KEN. Ladies, pray be seated. We offer you the best the house affords, and only regret that it is so poor in comparison with your deserts.

*(Each boy offers a chair and bows profoundly as girls are seated, then seats himself.)*

ETH. What in the world are you trying to do?

KEN. *(rising)*. Fair ladies, I beg your attention for just a few moments. You remember that a month ago we agreed to form two societies. Yours was to be for the improvement of the mind and ours for the improvement of the manners. We have met to-day to see which has made the most progress. Now we shall be pleased to have a report from your honorable society as to what its worthy members have accomplished.

*(Sits.)*

MAUD. Good gracious! What airs!

CHAR. *(bringing pillow to MAUD)*. I'm afraid that chair isn't comfortable. Do let me give you this pillow.

MAUD. Oh, do go away with your old pillow!

CHAR. *(restoring with a bow DOR.'s handkerchief, which she has dropped)*. Allow me.

DOR. Really, I'm afraid you boys are overdoing yourselves.

KEN. Oh, not at all. May we have the pleasure of hearing your report?

MAUD. Go on, Ethel.

ETH. *(rising)*. Why, we decided to read every day a chapter from some standard author, and then we were to choose from our reading three new words, and try to use them that day in our conversation.

CHAR. What a capital idea! We should be happy to have some illustrations.

ETH. Some—what?

CHAR. Will each of you kindly give us a few samples so we can judge as to the result? What did you learn to-day?

ETH. Oh! I've just been reading *Ivanhoe*, and to-day my words were hypothesis, apprehension and malevolence. But I haven't had a chance to use them yet. They don't seem to fit very well in every-day conversation. *(Sits.)*

MAUD. That's just the trouble with me. To-day I read



from The Sketch Book, and my words were fallacy, conviviality and felicity. Now, how can I use those without making up sentences on purpose?

STAN. Really, it is a difficult matter, I should say. How is it with you, Dot—I beg your pardon, I mean Miss Dorothy.

DOR. Oh, I forgot mine yesterday and again to-day. One day I had the word cadaverous, and I told father that old Mr. Simms was a cadaverous-looking person, and he looked at me in astonishment. That's about the only word that I've ever been able to use and make any sense.

STAN. But they'll be stored in your mind, and some day they'll drop from your lips like—like pearls——

ETH. Oh, mercy! Do be still! You're all too silly for anything.

BOYS (*bowing*). Thank you.

MAUD. Do tell us what on earth you've been doing that makes you act so ridiculous.

KEN. Why, cultivating our manners, to be sure; and we humbly beseech you, fair ladies, to tell us whether you think we have improved.

ETH. Improved! I should say so. There's no doubt about that. I'm sure we are willing to admit that your side has won. We couldn't begin to show off like this.

MAUD. No; but I must say it's terribly overdone.

DOR. And I'm afraid it's too violent to last.

KEN. Thank you, ladies (*all boys bow*), for the credit you give us, but really, we couldn't think of being so impolite as to carry off the honors. What you have done may not appear so plainly on the surface, but no doubt your improvement has been far greater than ours. All honor to the young ladies of the S. I. M. (*Boys bow.*)

ETH. Do stop your nonsense!

DOR. What I should like to know is where you learned all this stuff.

KEN. Stuff! That's another compliment. Tell them, Charles. They don't seem to take account of what I say.

CHAR. Well, father gave us a few points from Lord Chesterfield, I believe it was, and we've been reading all the books on etiquette we could lay our hands on,—pretty dry stuff it was, too,—then we practiced among ourselves, and—behold the result!

MAUD. I should think as much! And, for my part, I've had enough of it.

STAN. What! If I'm not mistaken, it was you that suggested it.

MAUD. Yes; but you've gone to such an extreme. I think if I had to choose, I'd rather have you the way you were before.

ETH. } So would I.  
DOR. }

STAN. Good! It would be a great relief, wouldn't it, boys?

KEN. It certainly would.

CHAR. Immense! I'm tired of trying to be a Chesterfield. It's too much of a strain on a fellow.

ETH. But I suppose there *is* such a thing as a happy medium.

KEN. Yes, if we could only strike it.

ETH. And perhaps we girls need to try for it as well as you.

CHAR. *We'd* never think of suggesting such a thing, would we, boys?

KEN. } Never!  
STAN. }

MAUD. But I really think we do.

DOR. And so do I.

KEN. Then suppose we all try for it. We'll merge our two societies into one, and we'll shake hands on it here and now. (*Each boy shakes hands with a girl and bows in moderation.*) The honorable members of the S. I. M.

CURTAIN

## Mrs. Webster's Address

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### CHARACTERS:

MR. WEBSTER.

MRS. WEBSTER.

JULIA, *the maid.*

SCENE I.—*A sitting-room. Discovered—*MR. WEBSTER seated at table, working at accounts. MRS. WEBSTER sewing.

MRS. W. For mercy's sake, Henry, aren't you ever going to get through with those accounts? You haven't spoken a word for the last half hour. What are you doing, anyway?

MR. W. Trying to plan how to make one dollar do the work of two. But I don't seem to succeed very well.

MRS. W. I should think not. But why try to do such an impossible thing?

MR. W. From necessity, my dear, nothing else. I find we add to our expenses every year, but we don't add to our income. I've been going to speak to you about it for some time. The fact is, we've got to economize somewhere.

MRS. W. Economize! Oh, Henry! Just as if I didn't try to save every way, and go without lots and lots of things that I really need! I think you're just too unreasonable for anything!

MR. W. Oh, come, now, don't fly out about it. Yes, I suppose you do try, or you think you do, but you know how easily money goes. It's the grocer or the butcher or the milliner or the dressmaker, and the bills come in faster than I can pay them.

MRS. W. Oh, of course you lay it all to me! How about yourself? I'm not the only one that eats, and I haven't had a new dress or a hat in ages.

MR. W. No, it must be a month, at least.

MRS. W. A month! It must be three if it's a day. And, really, Henry, I need a new dress right now. You know I have

to speak at the next meeting of the Woman's Club, and, actually, I haven't anything suitable to wear.

MR. W. Nothing to wear! Will you tell me what's become of that black lace thing that cost fifty dollars? I paid the dressmaker's bill only last week.

MRS. W. But I've worn that so *many* times. People will begin to think I have only the one. I really *must* have something new. And, Henry, I—I may as well tell you, I've just ordered a dress of Madam Griffin.

MR. W. Ordered one! You have! Will you tell me who you expect to pay for it? I can't, that's sure.

MRS. W. Oh, Henry, how foolishly you talk! It's only one of those light weight silks, and not at all expensive. I don't believe, with the making and all, it will cost more than twenty-five dollars.

MR. W. Oh, yes, I know how it will be. You can safely add ten more to it by the time it's done. Madam Griffin knows how to charge. I tell you, Anna, you'll ruin me yet with your extravagance.

MRS. W. Henry! I didn't think you'd talk to me like that. (*Cries.*) You're too—unkind—for anything!

MR. W. There, there! For heaven's sake, don't make a scene. I've got trouble enough now. (*Looks at watch.*) I've got to go out for a little while. I'll be back in half an hour. Good-bye. [*Exit.*]

MRS. W. (*still sobbing*). The idea of making such a fuss over a little thing like that! I don't care; I've got to have the dress, and I *will* have it, anyway. So there!

## CURTAIN

SCENE II.—*Same room. Discovered—*MRS. W., *busily writing at table with books lying open about her. Reads from book, writes rapidly, nibbles pen thoughtfully.*

MRS. W. Let's see. Do you spell *separate* with two a's or two e's? (*Writes.*) I guess that's right. There, that sounds fine. I've put in a lot of big words; I hardly know the meaning of some of them myself, but it will make the ladies think I'm very learned. (*Enter MR. W. in shirt sleeves, coat in hand.*) Oh, Henry! What *do* you want now?



MR. W. Here's two buttons off my new coat, and when I went to put on a clean pair of socks this was what I found.

*(Holds up sock with enormous hole in it.)*

MRS. W. Oh, dear; I know it. I was going to sew the buttons all on your coat when you got it, but I couldn't get time. I didn't even do the mending last week; I've been so busy writing my address. And now I'm afraid I won't have it done in time. Can't you fix your things yourself?

MR. W. I suppose I might manage to sew on the buttons, but I draw the line at darning that hole.

MRS. W. Well, you'll have to do the best you can; I can't stop now. And please don't even speak to me. I've got to think.

*(Puts hands over ears. MR. W. gets sewing materials and works awkwardly at sewing on buttons.)*

*Enter JULIA, wearing nursemaid's cap and apron.*

JULIA. Please, Mrs. Webster —

MRS. W. Well, Julia, what is it?

JULIA. Harry won't go to sleep, and he wants to know if he can come down and sit with you for a little while, if he'll be good.

MRS. W. Oh, no, Julia. I'm busy with something very important. You'll have to get him to sleep as best you can. I can't be bothered with him now.

JULIA. Yes'm.

*[Exit.*

MRS. W. Well, at this rate I shan't get along at all. Let's see. Where was I? Oh, yes; about the mother's influence. *(Writes.)* There! That's a very important point, and I think I've put it in a telling way. *(Enter JULIA.)* Dear me, Julia, what is it now?

JULIA. Please, Mrs. Webster, the children are quarreling, and I can't do anything with them. Harry struck Myrtle and made her cry, and they're having an awful time.

MRS. W. Oh, dear! Why can't they go to sleep peacefully like good children? Well, I simply *can't* go, Julia; you'll have to get along some way. Punish them both if you can't do any better, but don't interrupt me again on any account. Do you understand?

JULIA. Yes'm.

*[Exit.*

MRS. W. I do hope I can have five minutes' peace. It seems as if I should never get this thing written, and then I've got to commit it all to memory.

MR. W. You have!

MRS. W. Why, certainly.

MR. W. Why not read it?

MRS. W. Oh, no, indeed! All the others speak theirs, and I'm not going to be outdone.

MR. W. I see. May I inquire what it's all about?

MRS. W. Oh, the subject is "Woman's Opportunity in the Home." I've written a lot about what she can do to make home happy, how she can share all her husband's cares and be a true helpmeet to him, and how much her care and training and influence will do for her children, and all that sort of thing, you know. But now the trouble is to make a good ending. I want to sum it all up, and say something that will be effective and leave a strong impression.

MR. W. I see. No doubt it's very interesting. I suppose you don't say anything about the woman darning her husband's stockings.

MRS. W. Henry! I think that's real mean of you. (*Bell rings.*) For pity's sake! Who's coming now? Do go to the door, Henry. I positively can't see anybody to-night. (*Exit*

MR. W. MRS. W. *writes frantically.* *Enter* MR. W. *with box.*) Who was it? Oh! my dress from Madam Griffin! (*Springs forward eagerly and seizes box.*) Do let me look at it! (*Opens box and takes out dress. Letter falls out unnoticed. Holds up dress admiringly.*) My! Isn't it sweet! Oh, I didn't know she was going to put on all that lace, but it makes it much prettier. Oh, it's just too dear for anything!

MR. W. And a dear price, too, I'll warrant. (*Picks up letter.*) Here, probably this is the bill. I suppose you'll let me have that. (*Opens and looks at bill.*) Great Scott! Look at that, will you?

MRS. W. (*looking at it as he holds it out.*) Oh! I don't see how it *could* be so much as that!

MR. W. No, of course you don't see. You never do. But what I don't see is how it's to be paid for.

MRS. W. But, Henry, how could I help it? I didn't mean to have it cost so much. Anyway, you ought to be glad to have me look nice. This *is* so pretty, and I know it will be becoming.

MR. W. Oh, no doubt it will. (*Children's cries heard.*)

Hark! Julia's evidently carrying out your orders. I'll have to go and settle matters, for of course *you've* got to finish that address. [Exit.]

MRS. W. Oh, dear, yes. I don't believe I'll *ever* get the thing done. (*Puts dress back in box.*) Oh, this *is* too lovely for anything, but I shan't enjoy wearing it now Henry's made such a fuss. I wonder if things are really as bad as he tries to make out. (*Sits down at table, head on hand.*)

## CURTAIN

SCENE III.—*Same room. Discovered—MR. W., seated, reading newspaper.*

*Enter MRS. W. in the new gown, hat and gloves in hand.*

MRS. W. Now, Henry, I'm all ready to start, but it's early yet, and I thought I'd come in and show you how nice I look. (*Makes a curtsey.*) Now don't you think I'll do you credit? You ought to be there to hear my address. Let me say the last part of it for you. (*Lays hat and gloves on table and stands off as though before an audience.*) There is an opening for woman to-day in every sphere—the trades, the arts, the professions—she may enter any one of them, and follow her chosen vocation without fear or favor. She may win what the world calls success, but it will be only an empty prize. For it is in the home that woman finds her true sphere, her highest vocation, her noblest opportunity. Here is the widest scope for her talents; here, as companion, counselor, comforter, teacher and guide, she may accomplish the greatest results, and gain the richest reward. (*Bows profoundly.*) Now, what do you think of that?

MR. W. Fine! fine! Now sit down and listen to *my* address. (*Rises and addresses imaginary audience.*) Ladies and—ahem—ladies, I wish to add a few remarks to what Mrs. Webster has said. Her subject is a very important one. I agree with her entirely; if her ideas were carried out, many homes would be happier than they are now. But I fear that in reality the woman often falls far short of her opportunity. I have known cases—of course this does not apply to any of *you*—where the woman was so absorbed in work for her club that she could not find time to sew on her husband's buttons or mend his stockings —

MRS. W. Oh, Henry!

MR. W. And where she even felt obliged to neglect her children, because the demands of the club were more important.

MRS. W. *Hen-ry!*

MR. W. And I regret to say that I have known at least *one* case where the woman spent money thoughtlessly, without regard to her husband's income, and refused to listen when he tried to make her understand that he was living beyond his means —

MRS. W. (*rising and seizing his arm*). Oh, don't, don't! You mean me; I know you do.

MR. W. You! How could any one that has such fine theories fail to carry them out in practice? It couldn't possibly apply to *you*.

MRS. W. Oh, but it does; I know it does. I didn't see before. I didn't think. I'm ashamed of myself; truly I am! I won't go at all. Yes, I must go, but it will be the last time. And I won't wear this dress; I won't keep it; I'll send it back to Madam Griffin. She said Mrs. Dermott was crazy for it, and she can have it. I thank you for your address, Mr. Webster (*with a little bow*), and I'm going to profit by it. It has probably done more good than mine will.

CURTAIN



# Aunt Patience's Umbrella

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## CHARACTERS :

AUNT PATIENCE HARMON.

FLORENCE.

ESTHER.

DR. FRENCH.

SCENE.—*A sitting-room. Discovered—ESTHER, sewing.*

*Enter FLORENCE, in a state of great excitement.*

FLOR. Oh, Esther! I'm in such trouble! What *shall* I do? Aunt Patience's umbrella is lost, and *I* am responsible.

*(Sinks despairingly into a seat.)*

ES. Why, Florence, how did it happen?

FLOR. Oh, I lent it this morning to Dr. French. I ought to have known better, but it was pouring when he went home, so I thought he ought to have an umbrella. That was the only one I could find, and without stopping to think, I gave it to him. I wish now I'd let him get wet!

ES. But why? Won't he return it?

FLOR. Return it! Bless you! He's the most forgetful man you ever saw. He gets his mind on some important case and he has no thought for anything else. I met him on the street just now and asked him about it. I know it wasn't the proper thing to do, but I felt that I must. And what do you suppose he said?

ES. Do tell me. I'm not good at guessing.

FLOR. *(imitating the doctor)*. "I—I'm extremely sorry, Miss Florence, but, really, I have no recollection of your giving me any umbrella. But I assure you I'll look for it immediately when I get home and bring it over at once."

ES. Well, then, what are you worrying about?

FLOR. Oh, my dear! You don't know the doctor as I do.

He's to be my brother-in-law some day, but I tell Sister Kate he'll probably forget to appear at the wedding. I haven't a doubt he's already forgotten that I spoke to him, and anyway, he has most likely taken the umbrella somewhere and lost it before this time. I know we shall never see it again.

Es. But why let it trouble you? Can't you buy your aunt another one?

FLOR. Another! Oh, Esther, no, indeed! No other would take its place. It was a gift from an old friend who bought it somewhere abroad, Paris, I think, and Aunt Patience thinks the world of it. She scarcely ever uses it—oh, no, it's too choice! but she shows it to everybody that comes to the house, and tells its whole history. She'll never forgive me, never in the world!

Es. You poor child! I'm awfully sorry, but really, I don't believe it will be so bad as all that.

FLOR. Oh, Esther, you don't know Aunt Patience. She should have been named *Im*-patience, for she flies out at the least little thing. And the worst of it is we're quite dependent on the money she pays for her board, and we have to try so hard not to offend her, and now to think I should go and do such a thing as this! I know she'll be simply furious when she finds it out.

Es. Poor Florence! I wish I could help you find it. Don't you think —

FLOR. Oh, hush! I believe she's coming now. Dear me! What shall I do? (*Enter AUNT PATIENCE. FLOR. rises.*) Take this chair, Aunt Patience. I hope your headache is better.

AUNT P. No, I don't want any chair. I'm looking for my umbrella that Cousin Alonzo brought me. Have you girls seen anything of it?

FLOR. Why, I—I haven't seen it to-day, Aunt Patience, or, in fact, for two or threed ays. When did you have it last?

AUNT P. (*impatently*). I had it—oh, I don't know when—Tuesday or Wednesday,—but what difference does that make? I certainly haven't taken it out of the house and it ought to be here, but I can't find it anywhere. You haven't used it, have you?

FLOR. Why, no, Aunt Patience, I—I —

Es. Are you going out, Miss Harmon? If you are I shall be glad to lend you my umbrella, and perhaps yours will come to light.



FLOR. (*eagerly*). Oh, yes, Aunt Patience, or you can take mine. Let me get it for you.

AUNT P. (*snappishly*). No, I'm not going out. And I don't want anybody else's umbrella; I want my own. I left it in the hall, but it isn't there now. It's plain to be seen that somebody has taken it, and I'd like to know who.

FLOR. Oh, Aunt Patience, let me explain. I'm very sorry, but I—I'm afraid—that is—I—oh, here's Dr. French!

*Enter DR. FRENCH.*

DR. F. (*holding up an old dilapidated umbrella*). Here, Miss Florence, here is the umbrella you lent me. I'm very much obliged. You see I didn't forget it this time. Oh, I believe it was *your* umbrella, Miss Harmon, and Miss Florence said you would be very sorry to lose it. I'm so glad I found it. This is the one, isn't it? (*Opens it.*)

AUNT P. (*lifting her hands in horror*). That *my* umbrella? That old, cheap, dilapidated thing? Well, I guess not, young man! You're very much mistaken. Mine is an elegant silk umbrella with a gold handle. Cousin Alonzo Fairweather brought it to me from Switzerland. He had my initials engraved on the handle—P. L. H. (*Knock is heard. Exit Es.*) Cousin Alonzo, you know, was my third cousin on my mother's side, and he was very well off. He used to go abroad every year, and he always brought me a nice present. He brought me the umbrella the year before he died. I wouldn't have it lost for anything. But what's all this about Florence lending you an umbrella—*my* umbrella, did you say?

FLOR. Oh, Aunt Patience, I'll tell you all about it. I did lend your umbrella to Dr. French that day it rained. I'm so sorry. I ought not to have done it, but I never stopped to think. And he forgot to bring it back, and now he can't find it.

AUNT P. Well, that was smart, I must say! Carried an umbrella across the street, and forgot to return it, and even forgot, I suppose, that you ever borrowed it!

DR. F. It's disgraceful, I know, Miss Harmon, and I can only beg your pardon. I'm really ashamed of myself.

AUNT P. I should think you'd better be.

FLOR. But it was my fault, Aunt Patience. I ought never to have lent it. I'm dreadfully sorry.

AUNT P. I should think you'd better be. But I suppose you realize that all these regrets and apologies don't bring back my umbrella.

BOTH (*regretfully*). I know it.

*Enter ES. with AUNT P.'s umbrella.*

ES. Hurrah! the missing umbrella is found!

(*Hands it to AUNT P., who opens and examines it.*)

FLOR. Oh, Esther! You dear good girl!

(*Hugs her in ecstasy of delight.*)

AUNT P. Yes, this is mine. Where did you find it?

ES. Bridget just found it. Guess where.

FLOR. Bridget! Oh, we can never guess. Do tell us.

ES. In the china closet.

FLOR. In the china closet! How on earth came it there?

ES. Bridget says she saw the doctor come in yesterday with the umbrella under his arm, and afterward she heard him go to the china closet for a glass; so it looks very much as though he took the glass from the closet and left the umbrella.

DR. F. Yes—yes, I remember now. It all comes back to me. That's just the way it happened. So you see, Miss Harmon, I *did* return the umbrella, after all.

AUNT P. Yes, I see you did, but I shan't risk it again. I'll tell you, Florence, why I wanted the umbrella to-day. I remembered that it is your birthday, and I wanted to give it to you for a birthday present. (*Hands umbrella to FLOR.*)

FLOR. Oh, Aunt Patience, how kind, how lovely of you! Thank you so much; but indeed, I don't deserve it!

AUNT P. No, I don't think you do, but sometimes, you know, people get more than they deserve. One thing I advise you, never lend it to Dr. French, for he *might* forget to return it.

FLOR. No, auntie, I'll be sure to remember that.

DR. F. (*holding up the old umbrella*). And I shall neither borrow nor lend.

(*DR. F. and FLOR. stand in foreground, each with umbrella.*)

CURTAIN

# The Dog, the Cat and the Rat

---

A dialogue for three little boys.

FIRST BOY.

If I were a rat, with a great, long tail  
And shining, bright black eyes,  
And a gray fur coat, and a long, sharp nose,  
I'd be very, very wise.  
I'd know my way to the pantry shelf  
And the cooky jar, you see,  
And I'd run so fast on my velvet toes,  
No cat could ever catch me.

SECOND BOY (*to* FIRST).

If I were a cat, with bright green eyes,  
That could see in the darkest night,  
You'd feel my claws in your gray fur coat,  
And you'd grow quite pale with fright;  
For I'd be clever and wise and spry,—  
Aha, my friend! You'd see!  
And I'd run so fast on my velvet toes,  
No dog could ever catch me.

THIRD BOY (*to* SECOND).

If I were a dog, with big, strong paws,  
Aha, my friend! You'd see!  
I'd chase you over the garden wall  
And up the highest tree.  
Then I'd wag my tail and bark so loud  
Your heart would go pit-a-pat,  
And you'd cover your face with a maple leaf;  
Now what do you think of that?

ALL (*in concert*).

The dog and the cat, and the cat and the rat  
Will never, no, never agree,  
So we will be glad we are only boys,  
As happy as boys can be.

(*All throw arms around one another and walk off stage together.*)



## The Aqua Marina Panacea

---

A dialogue for nine ladies, or large girls dressed as ladies.

SCENE.—*A parlor. Seven ladies seated with fancy work, as at an afternoon party. Hostess, MRS. TRUMAN. Guests, MRS. ALLEN, MRS. GRANT, MRS. JOHNSON, MRS. GREEN, MRS. WILSON, MRS. APPLETON.*

MRS. ALLEN (*holding up work*). There! I've finished one piece; now I'm going to begin another. This centerpiece is just like Mrs. Franklin's. I got the pattern from her; isn't it pretty?

LADIES (*all exclaiming*). Yes! Yes, indeed! Perfectly lovely! Beautiful!

MRS. T. That reminds me: I'm so disappointed that Mrs. Franklin couldn't be here this afternoon. She just sent me word that she has one of her poor turns and isn't able to come.

MRS. GRANT. Why, that's too bad!

MRS. J. Isn't it!

MRS. W. Why, yes; what a pity!

MRS. APPLETON. It seems to me she's ailing most of the time.

MRS. GREEN. I know it; she is; and yet she's always dosing. I can tell you, you'd be surprised if you knew the amount of medicine that woman takes, first one kind, then another. Everything she hears of she has to try. I believe it only makes her worse off instead of better.

MRS. GRANT. Oh, I haven't a doubt of it! I think this buying patent medicines is the greatest nonsense! I never *think* of taking anything of the kind.

MRS. W. Nor I either, Mrs. Green. Why, you can't tell, you might be taking just the very thing you ought not. I think it's the height of foolishness!

MRS. ALLEN. So do I, Mrs. Wilson. My cousin Jane is

just that way. She's taken bottle after bottle of stuff that hasn't done her a particle of good. I've told her time and again that it was only a waste of money. I *hope* I've got more sense.

MRS. J. How *can* any one be taken in by these patent medicine advertisements, anyway? When they pretend to cure *everything* you can be pretty sure they won't cure *anything*. That's what *I* say.

MRS. APPLETON. I quite agree with you, Mrs. Johnson. When I read of a medicine that cured in a few days some case of years' standing given up by the doctors, I simply say, That's a lie on the face of it! No, indeed, no patent medicines for me!

MRS. GREEN. Well, we all seem to be agreed on that subject. I don't think the patent medicine sharks will be likely to get very rich out of us.

MRS. T. I should say not. But I suppose there are plenty of gullible people who will continue to be taken in by them to the end of time. (*Looks out of window and lowers voice.*) I wonder who that is coming up the walk. Can you see, Mrs. Grant?

MRS. GRANT. It's a stranger to me.

ALL (*craning necks and exclaiming*). Why, I don't know! Nor I! It's no one *I* ever saw before. Who *can* it be?

(*Bell rings.*)

MRS. T. Excuse me, ladies. (*Exit. Enters with lady carrying bag.*) Ladies, this is Mrs. — I beg your pardon — (*Turns to stranger.*)

STRANGER. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Harrington. So glad to meet you all, ladies! (*Bows and smiles to right and left.*) It is, indeed, a great and unexpected pleasure. Thank you. (*To Mrs. T., who offers chair.*) I am very weary. I have walked a long distance and my bag is exceedingly heavy. (*Beams on them all.*) You are evidently gathered together for a social hour, and I feel myself almost an intruder. But I will explain my errand immediately, and I am sure that the few moments' interview you have so kindly granted me will prove to be for your ultimate advantage, and that you will all feel yourselves rewarded a hundredfold. I must tell you first that I am a sister-in-law of the celebrated Dr. Oldsberry, of Boston. Of course it is quite unnecessary for me to remind you of his researches in the field of medical science, for his fame is world-wide. *Every* one has read and heard of Dr. Oldsberry, and it



goes without saying that ladies so intelligent and progressive as yourselves must be perfectly familiar with his work. (*Looks about questioningly. Ladies make little murmurs of doubtful assent.*) Now, I have to tell you that one of his most important discoveries has never been given to the public, yet its results in a limited sphere have been simply marvelous, and we feel that at last the time has come when it should be revealed to a suffering world. This discovery of which I speak is a very simple remedy, yet one which works the most astounding cures. (*Takes a bottle from her bag.*) We call it the Aqua Marina Panacea. Interesting name, isn't it? (*Ladies murmur assent.*) You observe that it is entirely colorless and clear as crystal. (*Holds bottle up to view.*) Every bottle has Dr. Oldsberry's personal guarantee, and you know what that means. Let me show you the label. (*Hands a bottle to each lady, talking meanwhile.*) The liquid is absolutely tasteless, and yet its power is wonderful. Indeed, you would never believe me if I were to tell you one-tenth of the cures it has effected. Now, I am not in any sense an agent. I make no profit whatever on the Aqua Marina Panacea; I am only giving my time and my efforts for the benefit of suffering humanity.

(*Looks about at ladies.*)

MRS. T. A worthy object, certainly.

(*Other ladies murmur approval.*)

MRS. V. R. H. Indeed, I feel that it is well worth any amount of personal sacrifice. (*Takes out another bottle.*) Now, the regular price of the Aqua Marina Panacea, as you see by the label, is one dollar a bottle. This amount barely covers the actual cost of the ingredients. But just to introduce it I am selling one bottle only to each person for ninety-eight cents. You can see that we lose money in so doing, but that is not worth considering for a moment. Now, I venture to say there are as many as three ladies here who are subject to frequent headaches. (*Looks about questioningly. MRS. ALLEN, MRS. GRANT and MRS. J. look at one another consciously.*) I thought so! (*Nods her head.*) Let me assure you, ladies, that the Aqua Marina Panacea has never failed to cure headache, whatever the cause. I give you my word of honor that within a week's time after taking the Aqua Marina Panacea your headache will be a thing of the past. Isn't it worth a trial?

MRS. ALLEN. It would seem so. (*Other two assent.*)

MRS. V. R. H. Most certainly! And now I believe I may truthfully say that at least two of these ladies are troubled with indigestion. (MRS. W. and MRS. APPLETON *exchange glances.*) I see I am right. I want to tell you that this is an infallible remedy for indigestion in any form whatsoever. So great is our faith in it that we offer five hundred dollars in gold for any case of indigestion that Aqua Marina Panacea fails to cure. Can anything be fairer than that?

MRS. APPLETON. I should think not.

(MRS. W. *assents.*)

MRS. V. R. H. Most certainly not! And now, if I am not mistaken, there are ladies here who are victims of nervousness and sleeplessness. (MRS. T. and MRS. GREEN *exchange glances.*) Ah, yes; I felt sure of it! But now (*impressively*) you need suffer no longer, for you will find an immediate and permanent cure in Aqua Marina Panacea. In this case I can cite my own experience as proof. I had suffered for years from extreme nervousness, and had tried many doctors in vain, but in three days—*three days*, mind you, Aqua Marina Panacea worked a complete cure. I have never lost an hour's sleep since, and that was seven years ago. Now, isn't that a remarkable experience?

MRS. GREEN. I should think so, indeed.

(MRS. T. *assents.*)

MRS. V. R. H. Most certainly! And now, ladies, I am sure you will all be grateful to me for bringing this magical remedy to your notice. And the fact that we are selling it at so great a reduction will of course appeal to you strongly. This will be your only opportunity of securing it at the phenomenally low price of ninety-eight cents. Of course you will each take a bottle?

(*Rises and closes bag, looking about inquiringly.*)

MRS. ALLEN. I—I think I will try it. If it will really cure headache it is well worth the money.

(*Pays MRS. V. R. H. one dollar and receives change.*)

MRS. J. Yes, indeed, it is, Mrs. Allen. I believe I'll give it a trial, at least.

*(Pays and receives change.)*

MRS. GRANT. And so will I. If there is a remedy for headache I'm very glad to discover it.

*(Pays and receives change.)*

MRS. V. R. H. Thank you, thank you, ladies! I know you will never regret it.

MRS. T. If I really believed *anything* could cure me of sleeplessness I should be willing to pay almost any price for it; but I've tried so many doctors——

MRS. V. R. H. Ah, that's just it, my dear Mrs. Truman! How can you doubt after what I have told you of my own experience? Don't allow this opportunity to pass, I beg of you, or you will regret it to your dying day!

MRS. T. Well, I think I'll try it, anyway; it can do no harm. [Exit.

MRS. GREEN. I feel somewhat as Mrs. Truman does about it; but if she's going to try it I think I will.

MRS. V. R. H. Do, by all means!

*(MRS. GREEN pays and receives change.)*

*Enter MRS. T., with purse.*

MRS. T. I believe that's right.

*(Pays and receives change.)*

MRS. V. R. H. Thank you, thank you, ladies! I'm sure you will never be sorry.

MRS. APPLETON. I—I think I should like to try a bottle, if it really cures indigestion, but to tell the truth, I haven't a cent of money with me.

MRS. W. Oh, Mrs. Appleton, that is just my case exactly!

MRS. T. Why, I can lend you the money just as well as not!

MRS. APPLETON. Oh, if you could!

MRS. T. Why, certainly!

MRS. W. How kind of you!

*(MRS. T. hands each a dollar from her purse, which they pass on to MRS. V. R. H., and receive change.)*

MRS. V. R. H. *(making ready to go)*. Thank you, thank

you, ladies! I am sure you will always remember me with the deepest gratitude. Allow me before I go to call your attention to the directions on the label. (*All look at bottles which they hold.*) "A teaspoonful one hour before each meal." These must be followed implicitly, and I promise you, you may look for marvelous results. I am very grateful that I have been able to bring to your notice so invaluable a remedy as the Aqua Marina Panacea. I bid you all good-afternoon.

(*Bows and exits, followed to door by MRS. T. All examining bottles as MRS. T. enters.*)

MRS. T. Well, isn't she a talker! I tried my best at first to keep her from coming in, but perhaps it's just as well I didn't succeed. (*Takes up bottle.*) "An hour before eating." (*Looks at clock.*) It's just about an hour to tea time. Shall we each take a dose now?

LADIES (*exclaiming*). Why, yes! So we might! Suppose we do!

MRS. T. I'll get some spoons.

(*Exit and enter with eight spoons, which she passes around. Each solemnly pours out and swallows a teaspoonful, all standing. Must be done in exact accord. One or two make wry faces.*)

MRS. GRANT. Why, it's not bad!

MRS. J. Why, there's no taste to it!

MRS. W. Just like water!

(*All stand with bottle in one hand and spoon in the other when door opens suddenly.*)

*Enter MRS. SPIER, in street dress, disordered, breathless and excited.*

MRS. S. Oh, I beg your pardon, but is there a lady here,—a tall lady in a blue suit and furs? (*Looks around anxiously.*)

MRS. T. What do you mean?

(*All the ladies stare in consternation, still holding up bottles and spoons.*)

MRS. S. Why, I'm Mrs. Spier, the assistant matron of the Home for Hapless Females, on Waterman Street. One of our charges escaped from the institution this morning, and as soon



as we discovered it I followed her. I was told she came in here. Haven't you seen her? Where is she?

MRS. T. Tell me! Do you mean a lady with a grip, selling—a—— (*Reads from bottle.*) "Aqua Marina Panacea?"

MRS. S. Dear me! I don't know what she might have been selling; but very likely. She's always preparing some dose for the other inmates that's warranted to cure every ailment, from headache to corns. If you've bought any of her stuff I advise you not to touch it. There's no knowing——

LADIES (*screaming, drop bottles here and there and exclaim*). Oh, mercy! But we've taken it! We've taken it! What shall I do! Oh, oh, I'm poisoned! etc.

(*One sinks on floor, others into chairs. One clasps hands over stomach, etc., all assuming attitudes of distress.*)

MRS. S. Oh, don't be frightened to death! It may be perfectly harmless. Let me see it. (*Takes a bottle, holds it to the light, takes a drop on end of tongue, while others groan and watch her anxiously.*) Don't be frightened, ladies! I rather think it's only water. Yes, I'm sure of it. I remember now she had some empty peppermint bottles in her room, and this morning she was in the bathroom a long time, washing them. There wasn't another thing in there that she could have got but water, and I know well enough that's it. She filled them up with it and started out. I'm sure it's all right. But now can you tell me which way she went?

(*Ladies gradually grow calmer, as MRS. S. speaks.*)

MRS. T. (*rising and pointing*). She went down the street, that way. I think, Mrs. Spier, if you have any more such charges, you'd better keep them under lock and key. We *might* all have been dead by this time.

MRS. S. Indeed, I'm very sorry, Mrs. Truman. We'll try not to have such a thing happen again. I hope you will feel no ill effects from your Aqua Marina Panacea. Good-afternoon!

[*Exit MRS. S., hastily.*]

MRS. GRANT. Well, if that doesn't beat all I ever heard of!

MRS. T. I should think as much!

MRS. W. I say they have no business to let a person like that run at large. It's positively dangerous.

MRS. APPLETON. Indeed it is! She might poison the whole neighborhood.

MRS. GREEN. And all our money gone for nothing !

MRS. J. It's a shame ! I think the institution ought to be compelled to pay it back !

MRS. ALLEN. Do you know what I think ? I think we've all made fools of ourselves, and the more quiet we keep about it the better.

*(Ladies all silent for a moment.)*

MRS. GREEN. Mrs. Allen, I believe you're right.

CURTAIN



# The Three Jacks

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## CHARACTERS :

FIRST JACK (*Little Jack Horner*).

SECOND JACK (*Jack and the Beanstalk*).

THIRD JACK (*Jack and Jill*).

SCENE.—*Any room. Discovered*—FIRST JACK, *with a small pie balanced on the fingers of one hand.*

1ST JACK (*to audience*). Ladies and gentlemen, you see before you one of the noted characters of history. You will no doubt recognize me at once as the great and only Jack, well known to every man, woman and child, made forever famous by the pen of the immortal poet, Mother Goose.

(*Group of children behind scenes sing or recite, while JACK stands in attitude of listening.*)

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner,  
Eating a Christmas pie ;  
He put in his thumb  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said, "What a great boy am I !"

1ST JACK (*to audience*). You hear, good friends, this testimony to my greatness. My fame is known the world over, to young and old, high and low, rich and poor —

*Enter* SECOND JACK *with string of beans about his neck, and*  
THIRD JACK *with pail and piece of brown paper.*

2D JACK. Look here, old fellow ! You needn't try to make yourself out so high and mighty. Here are two other Jacks quite as renowned as yourself.

1ST JACK. What ! You must be mistaken !

3D JACK. Indeed, we're not mistaken. We can prove it to you beyond a doubt.

1ST JACK. All right. Show me your proofs, and if I am convinced, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll share my pie with you.

2D JACK. } Agreed!  
3D JACK. }

(1ST JACK *puts pie on table; all sit down.*)

1ST JACK. Now, go ahead. Who are you?

2D JACK. I am known as the Jack whose beanstalk grew as never a beanstalk has grown before or since, and who climbed to the top of it to find there the home of a fierce giant —  
(*Children sing or recite behind scenes; boys listen attentively.*)

Fe, fi, fo, fum;  
I smell the blood of an Englishman.

You hear that! My history has been published far and wide, and the least mention of the beanstalk or the giant is sufficient to show that I am known and appreciated by children of all ages in all parts of the world. Do you ask more?

1ST JACK. Nothing more. I accept your proof. And now (to 3D JACK), what have you to say?

3D JACK. I am the Jack who, going up a hill one day with his sister to get some water, met with a serious accident.  
(*Children sing or recite behind scenes; boys listen.*)

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To get a pail of water;  
Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.

Do you hear that? My gallant and heroic deeds are celebrated in every land, and the verses written in my honor have been known and loved by generations of children the world around. What further proof of my greatness do you need?

1ST JACK. None; none whatever. You have both proved your claims beyond the shadow of a doubt. I acknowledge you as my equals in name and fame. Let us shake hands on it. (*Shakes hands with each.*) Now I am ready to fulfil my promise. (*Takes out knife, cuts pie in thirds and gives piece to each. The pie may be cut beforehand.*) Good friends and

comrades, let me share with you my pie—the Christmas pie that never grows old.

*(Each holds piece of pie ready to take a bite; different voices sing or recite behind scenes, all at same time: "Little Jack Horner;" "Fe, fi, fo, fum," twice over; and "Jack and Jill.")*

CURTAIN

## Answer—A Charade

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### CHARACTERS:

DENNIS O'HARA.

KATIE O'NEILL.

SCENE I.—ANN. *Discovered*—KATIE O'NEILL, in nurse-  
maid's cap and apron, seated by table darning a child's  
stockings.

KATIE (*putting her hand into a stocking*). Mercy on me !  
What a terrible hole ! Sure, I never saw the like o' that  
Tommy to wear holes in his stockings. I'll not get them done  
to-night if I don't hurry. (*Knock is heard.*) Oh, who's that,  
I wonder ! Most likely it's that crazy Dennis O'Hara botherin'  
round again.

(*Arranges hair before mirror. Knock is repeated softly.*  
KATIE goes to door.)

*Enter* DENNIS O'HARA.

DEN. Good-avenin', Katie.

KATIE. Mercy on me, Dennis ! How ye scared me !

DEN. Scared ye, is it ? Sure, I never meant to do that.  
Are ye alone, Katie ?

KATIE. An' what difference does it make to ye whether I'm  
alone or not ?

DEN. Well, I'll tell ye, Katie, it makes a great difference,  
because I've got somethin' special to ax ye, an' I don't want  
anybody else to hear. (*Sits.*)

KATIE (*sitting at some distance from him and taking up  
work*). Indeed ! (*Looks down.*) An' what can it be ?

DEN. It's a great favor I have to ax' of ye, an' I hope ye'll  
say yes ; will ye, Katie ?

KATIE. Oh, go on, ye silly boy ! Ye needn't think I'll say  
yes till I know what it is ye're wanting.

DEN. I'll tell ye, then, it's joost this. Ye know I was a

poor b'y, an' I've not much education. I can't read but a little, an' I can't write at all. It's not me own fault, Katie, but it's true, more's the pity. An' now I want to ax ye if ye'll be so kind as to write a letter for me to a frind o' mine in the ould country.

KATIE (*dropping work suddenly and looking up angrily*). Write a letter! Indeed, then I'll not do anything of the kind. You can write yer own letters.

DEN. Ah, now, Katie, don't be cross wid me. I wouldn't think o' botherin' ye if I could do it mesilf. It's bad not to be able to write. I've found that out manny's the time. This letter is very important, an', thinkin' it oyer, I says to mesilf, There's Katie can write a fine letter; she'd know joost what to say an' how to say it right, an' I don't know annybody else that could do it so well. An' that's the truth, Katie, if I do say it.

KATIE. Oh, be still with your foolishness! Ye must have kissed the Blarney stone the last thing before ye come over, didn't ye, now?

DEN. No, not the last thing, but pretty near it. I'll not be tellin' ye what was the *very* last. But sure, it's the truth I'm tellin' ye now; an' ye'll be willin' to write the letter for me, won't ye, Katie?

KATIE. Oh, I s'pose so, just to get rid of ye, if nothin' else. Wait till I get some paper. [*Exit.*]

DEN. I knew I could coax her to do it if I only got on the right side of her. Katie's a good little girl, but ye have to handle her careful like. I'm wonderin' what she'll say when I tell her who the letter is for.

*Enter KATIE. Seats herself at table with writing materials.*

DEN. *draws up to table.*

KATIE. Well, go on with yer letter. Who's it for?

DEN. It's the dearest little frind I've got in all Ireland, an' her name is Ann McGonigle.

KATIE. Ann!

DEN. Sure, *Ann*. Is annything the matter wid it?

KATIE. N-no, but I s'posed it was a man.

DEN. A man! Did ye, now, really? Well, an' what do ye care whether it's a man or a woman?

KATIE. Oh, of course, I *don't* care. Ye can write to whoever ye like; it makes no difference to me.



DEN. Well, then, go on wid yer letter. I want ye to begin, "Me darlin' Ann." Have ye got that?

KATIE (*writing*). Yes.

(*The letter should be written on the paper beforehand.*)

DEN. Tell her I'm thinkin' of her day an' night, an' longin' to see her sweet face. (*Pauses at intervals while KATIE writes.*) I'm doin' well an' savin' money, an' will she come over in the spring an' marry me, an' we'll have a nice little home an' a cow an' a pig, an' be as happy as the day is long. An' tell her to write soon, because I'll be waitin' an' lookin' for a letter. An' I'm her lovin' Dennis. Have ye got all that?

KATIE. Yes.

DEN. An' now will ye let me hear ye read it?

KATIE (*reading*). "My darling Ann:—I'm thinking of you always, by day and by night, and longing to see your sweet face. I'm doing well here in America and saving up money. Will you come over in the spring and marry me? We'll have a nice little home, and a cow and a pig, and we'll be as happy as the day is long. Be sure and write soon, dearest, for I'll be waiting and looking for a letter every day. Always your loving Dennis."

DEN. That sounds fine! I knew ye'd do it right. Ye're a good girl, Katie, dear, an' I'm much obliged to ye. She can't help sayin' yes to that; don't ye think so, Katie?

KATIE. I'm sure I know nothing about it, an' I care less.

DEN. Ah, don't be cross, Katie, dear. An' now will ye be writin' the address on the outside? It's Miss Ann McGonigle, Bandon, County Cork, Ireland.

(*KATIE writes and tosses envelope toward him.*)

KATIE. There! Take yer old letter an' go on with ye!

DEN. Thank ye, Katie. Ye're a good girl, an' I'll not forget ye. Good-night.

(*DEN. rises and holds out his hand. KATIE puts hers behind her.*)

KATIE. Oh, yes, ye'll forget me easy enough when Ann McGonigle comes over from Ireland.

DEN. An' ye'll not shake hands, Katie, an' wish me good luck? I'm sorry, then. Good-night.



(*Bows and turns away.*)

KATIE. Good-night. (*Exit DEN. KATIE sits down at table and puts face in her hands.*) Oh, it was mean of him, mean, to make me do a thing like that! Why didn't he get somebody else to write his letter to Ann McGonigle?

## CURTAIN

SCENE II.—SIR. *Discovered*—KATIE *ironing a child's dress. Several already ironed hanging on frame or line.*

KATIE. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, an' this makes eight. No wonder I have to iron in the evenin'. I'm wonderin' what's the reason Dennis has never heard yet from Ann McGonigle. It's a month to-day since I wrote his letter. I s'pose he's been lyin' awake nights thinkin' about it. (*Knock is heard.*) Come in. (*Enter DEN.*) Oh! Is it you, Dennis?

DEN. Yes, it's me. What! Ironin', are ye, at this time o' day?

KATIE. Yes. Eight dresses for Tommy this week,—one every day an' two for Sunday.

DEN. Sure, he ought not to need the half o' them. Wan for the wake days an' wan for the Sunday's enough for anny one. But say, Katie, I'm wonderin' why I'm not hearin' a word from Ann. It must be a month, sure, since ye wrote the letter; don't ye think so?

KATIE. It may be, an' it may not. Do ye s'pose I'm keepin' count o' the days? I'm leavin' that for you. It makes no difference to me.

DEN. But I ought to hear from her before now. I'm sure she'd write immejiately. I'm thinkin' she's never got the letter.

KATIE. Well, sir, ye needn't be askin' me to write again, for I'll never do it, mind ye, never in the world.

DEN. I'm not thinkin' of askin' ye annything o' the kind, Katie, an' I'll tell ye why. Since ye wrote that letter I've changed me mind.

KATIE. What!

DEN. I've changed me mind, that's what I say. It's not Ann McGonigle that I want at all; d'ye see?

KATIE. Well, Dennis O'Hara, ye must be a fool, an' that's the truth. Don't ye know yer own mind for a week at a time?

DEN. Now, don't be too hard on a fellow, Katie. Indade, an' how could I help it? Ann is a swate little girl; I'll not be sayin' annything against her; but she can't hold a candle to the one I'm dramin' about now. Let me tell ye, this one is the finest girl in Ameriky, an' the handsomest. But, d'ye know, Katie, I've not the courage to ax her, for I'm fearin' she might say no.

KATIE. An' she will if she has any sense at all.

DEN. I'm thinkin' ye're right; but Katie, dear, wouldn't ye like to know who it is?

KATIE. No, sir; I wouldn't. What do ye s'pose I care if ye have a new girl every day in the week, so long as ye're not botherin' me?

DEN. But that's joost it, Katie, dear, I *must* be botherin' ye —

KATIE. Ye needn't "dear" me! An' ye needn't be askin' me to write to her, for I'll not do it, sir, so there!

DEN. I'm not axin' ye to do it. I'm goin' to tell her mesilf, if she'll only listen. She's not far off at the prisent time, an' her name is Katie O'Neill.

KATIE (*setting down her flat-iron with a thud*). Sir! Ye must be crazy!

DEN. No, Katie, I'm not crazy; I'm joost comin' to me sinses. An' I'm not "sir," but joost simple Dennis O'Hara.

KATIE. Yes, I knew that before, an' *very* simple ye are, indeed! (*Hangs up dress and puts away iron.*)

DEN. Ah, sit down a minute, won't ye, an' listen.

KATIE. An' what will I listen to? (*Sits down.*)

DEN. Sure, I'm tellin' ye that it's you I'm wantin' instead of Ann McGonigle, an' I'm sayin' to ye now joost what ye wrote in the letter to her, only I'm puttin' it Katie instead of Ann.

KATIE (*rising*). Well, then, ye needn't be tellin' me anything o' the kind, for I'll not hear it. Do ye think I'll have anything to do with a man that asks a girl to marry him an' then asks another before the first one has a chance to say no? Ye can get right out of here, sir, an' ye needn't show yer face again till ye've got an answer to that letter, yes or no.

(*Chases DEN. out with broom.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE III.—ANSWER. *Discovered*—KATIE *sewing on an apron for herself.*

KATIE. Well, I s'pose Dennis'll not be comin' to-night, an' maybe never. If he'd only known what he wanted in the first place, before he asked me to write to Ann, why, then—maybe—it would have made a difference; but now —— (*Wipes her eyes. Knock is heard. Wipes more vigorously.*) Come in.

*Enter DEN. smiling.*

DEN. Good-avenin', Katie.

KATIE (*rising*). An' is it you again, Dennis O'Hara? Didn't I tell ye not to come again till ye'd got an answer to yer letter?

DEN. True; ye did that; but listen to me, Katie. There's been no answer, an', what's more, there never will be anny.

KATIE. What do ye mean?

DEN. I mane what I say. There'll never be anny answer, because the letter was niver sint. I've been carryin' it in me pocket all this time, an' here it is.

(*Throws letter on table. KATIE looks at it without touching it.*)

KATIE (*scornfully*). Well, Dennis, I'm thinkin' ye're a fool now, for sure.

DEN. Is that what ye're thinkin', Katie? Wait a minute, then, till I tell ye somethin'. There's no such girl, to me own knowledge, as Ann McGonigle. I only joost made up that story to see what ye'd say.

KATIE. Dennis O'Hara! Ye ought to be ashamed o' yerself!

DEN. (*hanging his head*). An' I am that, Katie.

KATIE. Sure, an' ye look it.

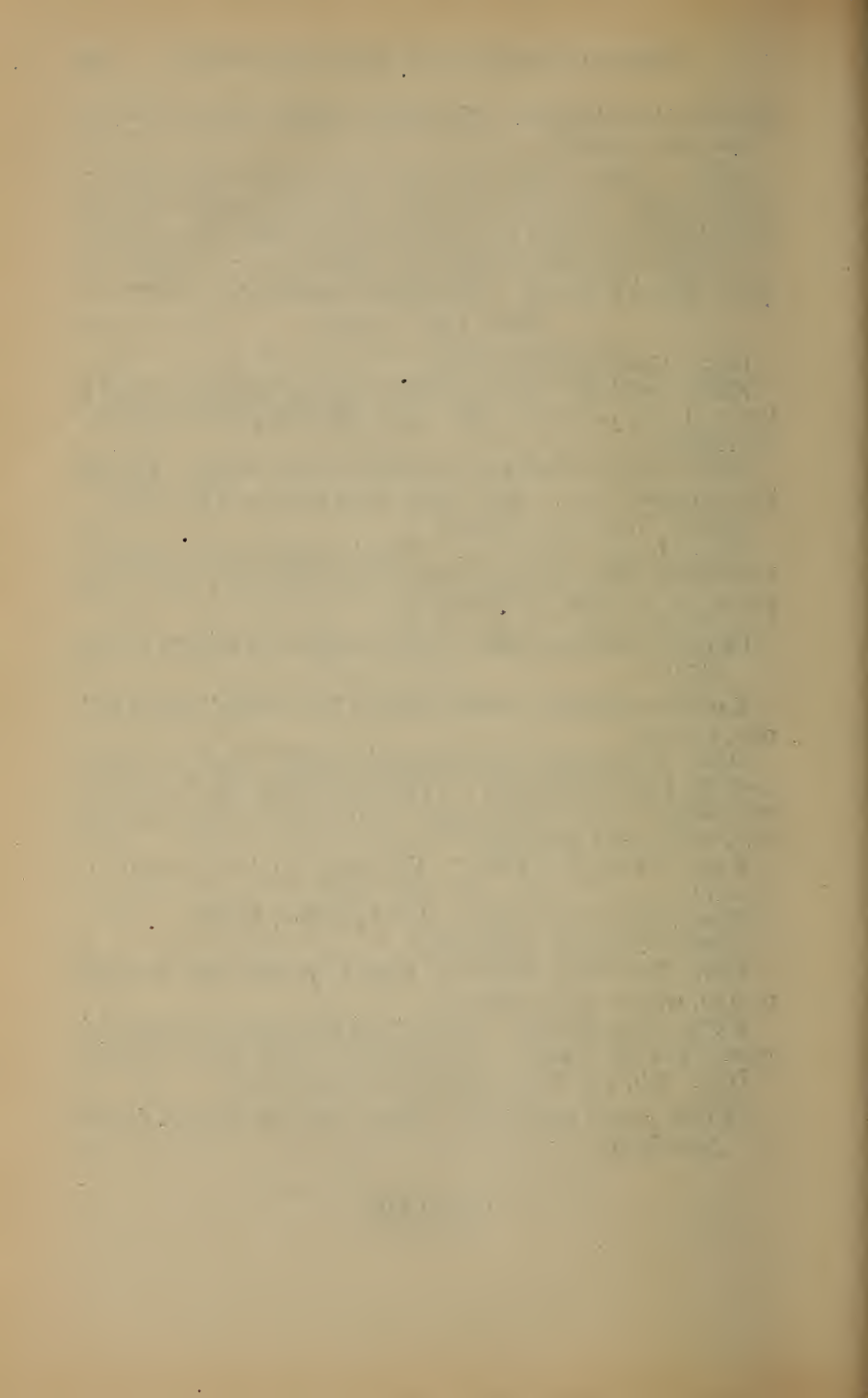
DEN. But, Katie, darlin', if I say to ye now what ye wrote to Ann, what'll be yer answer?

KATIE (*coquettishly*). Sure, it's so long ago, I'm forgettin' what it was that I wrote. Ye'll have to tell me again, Dennis.

DEN. Ah, yes, Katie, darlin', I'll tell ye now.

(*KATIE stands with hands clasped, eyes downcast as he approaches.*)

CURTAIN



Part II

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School Entertainments





# The World's Work

A Dramatic Allegory

By HOWARD W. DICKINSON

Presented first at Smith Academy, Hatfield, Mass., Feb. 6, 1902.

# The World's Work

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## CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

A YOUNG MAN, . . . . .	<i>Modern Evening Dress.</i>
MAGICIAN, . . . . .	<i>Long white wig, black gown tied at waist with cord, black skull cap.</i>
GENIUS OF POLITICS, . . . . .	<i>Legal wig and gown.</i>
GENIUS OF INVENTION, . . . . .	<i>Roman toga.</i>
GENIUS OF TRADE, . . . . .	<i>Roman toga.</i>
GENIUS OF CHARITY, . . . . .	<i>Grecian gown, white.</i>
GENIUS OF FINE ARTS, . . . . .	<i>Grecian gown, light blue.</i>
GENIUS OF EVERY DAY LIFE, . . . . .	<i>Grecian gown, pink.</i>

### NOTE.

Scenery is not required for this entertainment. The stage or platform, draped and decorated as described below, should provide a small raised platform, with sliding curtains, at back for the tableaux. On one side of it may be placed bookshelves with books; on the other a table bearing scientific apparatus, or something of the sort. A stool down R. A stand with lamp, incense and magic crystal down L.



# The World's Work

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SCENE.—MAGICIAN'S *apartments*. *Stage in black with gilt emblems representing light. Sun, moon, stars, lamps, torches, lightning, etc.*

(MAGICIAN *discovered seated on stool reading from antique looking folio.*)

MAGICIAN. "The secret of life." So plain it is that any may see it, and yet how many there be who search the four corners of the earth in vain for that which is all the time before their eyes. I have delved deep into the mysteries of ancient lore, of science, and of philosophy and every search has brought me back to the simple truth that any man may know. (*Knock.*) But hark! Some one would enter. Welcome! who ever thou art. (*Enter YOUNG MAN, R. 2 E.*) Peace be with thee and thine. What wouldst thou with me?

YOUNG MAN. Sir, I have heard that thou art possessed of wisdom far beyond other men, so I have come to thee for counsel. To me it seems that everything worth doing has already been done. The great problems of science have been solved. Art and literature are crowded with men of medium ability. Perhaps there may be now and then a genius, but they have no chance, for so well has the work of the past been done that none can equal it now. So it is with all professions. The World's work is being done so well, there are so many more workers than tasks, one man is so small a part of the world that it seems as if effort were hardly worth while. Venerable sir, I am in earnest. If thou canst show me aught worth doing I shall try to do it, and for thy pains and thine accumulated wisdom, I would give thee of my gold.) *Offers purse.*)

MAGICIAN (*pushes it aside*). Young man, thou art young,

very young,—and impatient. Put up thy gold. Truth may be wooed long in vain—but it is not to be bought with gold. I pardon thee thy ignorance else would I turn thee and thy gold from my door. Such as I have I give freely. Thou canst well see what has been done in the world, but because thou canst not see into the storehouse of the future thou thinkest it must be empty. Which is more beautiful and useful, the foundation of massive stone or the temple above it with its domes and spires, its buttresses and cornices, its altar and grand organ? Because thou canst not see the temple when the foundation is laid, wilt thou say that none can be built? Great has been the work of the past. In that thou seest aright, but only the foundations of the world's development have been laid. The grand superstructure is yet to come. Now we dwell in the cellar of this grand edifice and because the cellar is warm and dry we do not miss the beauty and comfort of the structure above. Could I show thee the plans of the Almighty Architect thou wouldst see how this earth shall become a worthy temple to the Most High and a fit dwelling-place for him whom he has created a little lower than the angels. I have discovered a secret by which I may bring into visible form the spirits that pervade the earth. From them thou mayest learn much that will guide thee on life's way. Remain thou very quiet and intent upon what is to be done, for the spell is a difficult one to perform. (*Lights incense lamp L. Goes to table up L., business with apparatus, lights alcohol lamp on table, business with crystal, etc.*) First thou mayest behold the Genius of Politics. (*Throws flash powder upon alcohol lamp. Repeats same business as each spirit is introduced. Enter POLITICS R. 2 E., not too soon.*) Hail! Mighty Spirit. This youth hath said that all the world's great deeds have been done. Canst show him aught to do in politics?

POLITICS (C.). Through me are the nations of the world governed. Long and bitter has been the struggle between the rights of man and the rights of Kings. The Republic has been evolved from this strife, and its keystone is equal rights. But even under a republic there are much corruption and injustice. Many political leaders are men of evil morals. Often our cities and states are ruled by an oligarchy of plunderers. Bribery and spoils are rife. Good laws are not enforced. Is there no opportunity here? Does not your nation need you? Honest, working politicians were never in greater demand, at the caucus, on the stump, at the polls and in the seats of au-



thority. Has the world reached the summit of good government? Honest men are wanted, wise men are wanted. New questions of policy are continually arising. If thou and such as thou will have naught to do with politics, who shall grapple with the problems presented by agitators and reformers, by socialism, monopoly, intemperance, anarchy, race antagonisms, foreign relations and commerce? Statesmen are noted because they are so rare, but government by the people will never approach the mark set for it until all the voters are statesmen, in honest intent at least, if not in wisdom. Lend a hand, Young Man, bear thy part, educate thyself in clean politics and with thy voice, pen, and influence help to educate thy fellow-voters. Show thyself honest and efficient and thou mayest be called upon for some public service of honor.

YOUNG MAN. Noble Spirit, I see as never before the duty and opportunity of an honest citizen.

MAGICIAN. And if thou wouldst see more, behold the Spirit of Invention.

*(POLITICS takes position at L. Enter INVENTION, R. 2 E., after business as before with flash powder, etc.)*

INVENTION. Young Man, by thy looks I see that thou doubttest my power. Because the world has been astonished at the Kathode Ray, Wireless Telegraphy, and the other great discoveries of yesterday, dost think that all my secrets are laid bare? Sixty miles an hour is the traveler's boast. That seems indeed fast when we remember the stage coach days of old, but what think ye of one hundred, one hundred and fifty, yea even two hundred miles an hour in safety and comfort? Food is abundant, thou thinkest, yet famine is rife, and at best the wheat must be sown, cared for and harvested, the grain sent to mill, the flour distributed, and the baker's art applied before thou canst eat. What thinkest thou of bread made directly by chemical process without waiting for the tardy action of sun and rain upon the soil? Fuel is plentiful for those who can buy, yet the forest trees are not as abundant as they were, coal mines are being exhausted, and even should they be exhaustless, vast labor must be expended ere man may use Nature's stores of combustibles. Why not gather the Sun's waste energy of summer and store it away to warm thy house in winter, or that thou mayest journey into lands of ice and snow in ease and comfort? Thou mayest even now converse across a

continent, why mayest thou not behold the countenance of thy friend a thousand leagues away? Man uses many of Nature's forces but everywhere is waste—waste—waste. A ton of coal must be used to furnish power which an hundredweight ought to give. If no new force or appliance should ever be found there would still be enough to keep inventors at work for centuries improving and perfecting those now in use. The telescope does great things but at a certain point it stops and baffles the astronomer who would look closer. Minute as are things the microscope shows us there are smaller still which we may not see. And that mysterious force electricity. What is it? (YOUNG MAN *shakes his head.*) Thou knowest not? Then find out and thou mayest increase many fold the uses to which it may be put. And chemistry—— (YOUNG MAN *puts out hand to stop him.*)

YOUNG MAN. Enough. Thou hast already shown me that the age of invention is yet in its childhood,—but these secrets, tell me of them. How may they be learned?

INVENTION. By work, Young Man—Science is a jealous mistress and one who would win her smiles must be her servant night and day. Thou canst not be an idler and a discoverer.

(INVENTION *goes to R.*)

MAGICIAN. Art convinced? or wouldst thou see more?

YOUNG MAN. I am convinced and yet I would see more.

(*Business with flash power as before.*)

MAGICIAN. Then behold the Genius of Charity.

*Enter CHARITY.*

CHARITY. Ancient wise man, why am I called hither?

MAGICIAN. To show this youth how the world needs the quickening of thy divine spirit.

CHARITY. Walk with me in imagination as in a gallery and behold the pictures there. They may not be alluring to thine eye but they are true and as thou movest along life's highways, thou mayest see them often. Behold. (*Tableau I.—Poor woman and child in rags in snowstorm. Tableaux exposed about one and a half minutes.*) "Distress" is the name of that picture. Hunger, cold and misery still dwell in the

world, still visit the homes of men, still punish innocent women and children. Brave men and women are trying to relieve them, but as yet they are striving to dam an ocean with handfuls of sand. As in this picture so is the life of thousands of thy fellow-creatures. Art thou doing anything for them? Behold another of life's pictures. (*Tableau II.—A man about to stab another.*) This is "Crime." The man about to kill his brother is a murderer. His nature is degenerate, his passions are base and yet he is thy human brother. Hast thou striven to assuage his unholy temper and tried to guide his feet into paths of industry and peace, or hast thou passed him by on the other side and said: "He is not like me and I will have naught to do with him"? Hast thou no duty towards thine erring brother as well as towards thy congenial friend? But another picture thou must see. Behold. (*Tableau III.—A drunken man.*) The name of this is "Vice."

YOUNG MAN. But, Noble Spirit, this man has sold his manhood for lustful pleasures, and by his own act has put himself where I may not go to help him.

CHARITY. Yea. So sayest thou, and so say many like thee. But, Young Man, heed this: that wretch, that sot, that bestial man, that outcast whom thou loathest, but for the grace of God might be none other than thee thyself. Sayest thou then, that thou art not thy brother's keeper? But we must hasten on and view yet another picture. Again behold. (*Tableau IV.—Man seated at table, head on his arms, as if in deep despondency.*) "Misfortune" we call this scene. This man has battled bravely against the ills of life but sorrow and disease have done their work upon him. Death has taken away his nearest kin. Sickness has kept him from his daily work and now poverty and discouragement are his companions. Thy veins are warm with rich young blood. Bethink thee how some of thy strength might straighten that bent frame, how some of that sympathy so easy to bestow, and which enriches the giver even more than him whom receives, how it might encourage this man under misfortune to a renewed faith in God and man,—how it might enable him to go into life's struggle on the morrow with courage born of the fact that some one has taken an interest in him. Many more pictures I might show but these must suffice. While such things are in the world never say that thou hast naught to do.

MAGICIAN. And thou wouldst know more, behold the Genius of Trade.



*Enter TRADE.*

TRADE. Brief and to the point am I. What wouldst thou with me?

YOUNG MAN. I would know what thou hast in store for the young man of these times. Shall not thy devotees be lost among those myriads who sacrifice their lives in a vain pursuit after that winged creature, wealth?

TRADE. Yes, perchance. If thou art a man with little industry and ambition, for without these qualities my devotees must surely fail. Economy, centralization, concentration, these are the main ideas of business now. Trusts and monopolies are the first efforts in that direction. The business ideal of the future is a co-operation which shall not destroy individual action, for without that the world of business must collapse. The world teems with business chances, but only the trained eye can see them, only the quick hand can grasp them. If thou wouldst get gold, do so, but use it too. The selfish rich man encumbers the earth, but he who from his honest gain gives to men happiness, learning, or relief, is as great as he who founds a state.

YOUNG MAN. Bold Spirit I thank thee, thou hast taught me much; and kindly sage wilt thou show me still more?

MAGICIAN. Behold the Genius of Fine Arts.

*Enter FINE ARTS.*

FINE ARTS. Thou hast said in thy mind, Young Man, that Shakespeare is dead, that Raphael is a memory of the past, that Beethoven's surpassing genius sleeps with him. Thinkest thou that Fine Art is only a Memory? Never was it more alive. All these masters have portrayed the spirit of other times. Who shall show forth the spirit of the times to come? Who shall put upon canvas or into words the deeds, the ambitions, the longings of the heroes of the Twentieth Century? Perchance among the rubbish that covers thine own best soul there may be the divine mark of genius, or if thou be no genius, perchance thou mayest have talents, which thou hast hidden in the napkin of idleness against the day of thy Master's return. Hast thou a poetical idea? Show it to the world even if thou canst not clothe it in the words of a Milton. Hast thou a melody within thee? Bring it forth in note even though it be not as the heaven born conceptions of Handel. Knowest thou a story of man's love or struggles,—let it see light, even though

thou be no Thackeray. To succeed in Fine Art means effort, patient unceasing and often disappointing. Thou canst not become a marksman in any of life's tournaments until thou hast taken many an aim in trial. Thou seest the workers and thinkest them too numerous, but the magnificent harvest before them is hidden from thy view. Never was there a louder call for master workmen, never so great a need for patient plodders. Fine Art offers thee fame, popularity and a competence, but only in exchange for thy soul's best effort. And the good thou mayest do! to cheer the despondent with soothing verse, to awaken to love and duty by delicious harmony of sound, to copy the transient beauties of Nature's moods and fix them on enduring canvas. Is not success in these things well worth the struggle that must be made to attain it?

(YOUNG MAN *appears to grow a little tired.*)

MAGICIAN. Gentle Youth, thou art growing weary and well thou mightest, but before thy departure I shall show thee one spirit more, one whose gentle modesty may make her sometimes seem of small account, the gentle spirit of Every Day Life.

*Enter EVERY DAY LIFE.*

EVERY DAY LIFE. Many great deeds can I do, but more still can I accomplish through a multitude of little things. I bring happiness and content to all who will follow me wisely. Think of that, Young Man. What better prize in life canst thou draw than happiness and content? Live each day with the supreme energy of thy nature. Spoil not thy happiness with petty faults. Bad temper will bring misery to thee and discomfort to thy friends. Fault-finding is easy because thy brethren are frail and mortal like thyself, but have thou none of it for it will ruin thy content. Sloth thrives upon idleness and will destroy thy power of mind and body. Cowardice will drag down thy heels when thou mightest make a brave leap for glory. Know thyself, trust thyself, work, be kindly, look not for great rewards and thou mayest be happy. Despise not little deeds for their total may be great. Look upon the world from an eye jaundiced by discontent and it seemeth a loathsome spot, teeming with misery, cruelty, and all things vile,—thy fellow-man a creature weak and full of evil passions, but look upon this thy terrestrial dwelling place with the eye of



Faith and Love and it shall be to thee a garden fair where thou mayest pluck delicious fruit, and thy brethren shall be children of thine own Heavenly Father. Kindness, love and sympathy shall well up for thee a perpetual spring. Thou shalt be better for living and the world shall be better that thou hast lived.

YOUNG MAN. Wise man, I thank thee and these kindly spirits; I am resolved to go into some work with energy. But with so much to do—whither shall I turn? I do not any longer question what can be done, but what shall I choose, how shall I be directed,—what shall be my guide?

MAGICIAN. I will show thee a guide. Behold. (*Tableau for a minute at the back of the stage; little girl in white holding a cross erect in one hand and an Easter lily in the other. During tableau.*) Follow thou that and forget thyself for thy fellow-men and thy success in life is assured. It may not be measured by dollars or by fame but it will be none the less real and lasting. (*Tableau Curtain. YOUNG MAN returns to his chair, sinks into it as if tired. MAGICIAN slips back of him and makes passes over his head during the rest of his speech as if to put him to sleep.*) And now, gentle youth, thou must be weary, thou hast conversed with celestial spirits, and such things exhaust weak mortals. So rest thyself—sleep!—sleep!—sleep!

(*YOUNG MAN sleeps. Spirits in turn take a step or two towards him, and each one after his short speech, while the next one is speaking, glides softly and slowly from the stage by nearest entrance. Towards the end lights are made a little more dim.*)

POLITICS. Rest. Be strong, fair youth, for all my battles must be fought by such as thou. [*Exit.*]

INVENTION. Rest, Young America, and clear thy brain for the problems which I shall give thee to solve. [*Exit.*]

CHARITY. May peace dwell with thee, and may thy soul overflow with love for thy fellows. [*Exit.*]

TRADE. 'Tis such as thou must rescue me from tricksters and frauds. [*Exit.*]

FINE ARTS. May thy sleep be filled with dreams of the beautiful and pure. [*Exit.*]

EVERY DAY LIFE. Rest thy weary body and tired brain. Gain strength for thine every need on the morrow. [*Exit.*]

MAGICIAN (*stage nearly dark*). Rest on. Thou hast been privileged beyond most of thy fellow-men. I hope that thou hast found the secret of life. May this not be in vain, but mayest thou live to be an honor to thyself, thy country, and the world. I'll leave thee to awake alone. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

(*Stage darkened slowly ; slow curtain.*)



# HALF AN HOUR WITH A GIANT

A Holiday Operetta for Children

*ADAPTED TO FAMILIAR AND POPULAR AIRS*

BY

GERTRUDE MANLY JONES

## CHARACTERS.

THE GIANT.

THE GIANT'S SLAVES.

BOYS AND GIRLS. *In almost any number desired.*

*The dialogue for the BOYS and GIRLS to be apportioned among three or any larger number of the children, at the discretion of the manager.*



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## NOTE.

*To make the Giant:* — Seat one boy astride the neck and shoulders of another, the boy beneath holding firmly against his chest the legs of the boy above; let the draperies hang from the upper figure to the floor, hiding the figure beneath. A sombrero with plumes, and a large knife, complete the costume.

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## MUSIC.

All the airs used in this Operetta may be found in the "Multum in Parvo Songster," to be obtained of the publishers at 30 cents a copy, postpaid, by mail.



## HALF AN HOUR WITH A GIANT.

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SCENE I. — *In the woods. Children pulling evergreens ; others enter and begin dialogue.*

BOY. Alack, alas ! 'tis true I fear.

GIRL. What's true ? why anxious faces wear ?

BOY. Why simply this ; our comrades say  
We've missed the trail, and lost our way.

*(Enter others.)*

ANOTHER BOY.

We'd just as well give up and rest ;  
We've hunted east, we've hunted west,  
But found no trace of man's abode,  
Or glimpse of hidden path or road.

BOY. Too bad !

GIRL. How sad !

BOY. What childish folly,  
To lose ourselves in hunting holly.

GIRL. One holiday bunch of mistletoe  
To cause us all this fright and woe !

BOY. We've loitered till the sun is down,  
And we, perchance, are miles from town.

ANOTHER BOY.

The luncheon's gone, too, every bite,  
And we're so hungry ! what a plight !  
To think a day so well begun  
With laughter, frolicking, and fun,  
Should have so woful drear an ending !

BOY. It's quite too bad !

GIRL. It's just heartrending !

(Boys *withdraw.*)

GIRL. And see, it rapidly grows dark ;  
 Alone in the deep wood we — oh, hark !  
 What rustles in the bushes there !  
 Oh, what if it should be a bear !

(GIRLS *scream and huddle together, and sing to the air of*)

“ POOR OLD MAIDS.”

Such a frightened, timid band,  
 Poor little maids !  
 Holding each the other's hand,  
 Poor little maids !  
 Out in the deep woods alone,  
 Daring not a step to roam,  
 Wishing we were safe at home,  
 Poor little maids !  
 Oh, the gloom that darkness brings !  
 Poor little maids !  
 Afraid of bears and snakes and things,  
 Poor little maids !  
 Such a nameless horrid dread  
 Creeps into each heart and head.  
 Oh, that we were safe in bed !  
 Poor little maids !

(Boys *enter, and sing to the air of* “ OVER THERE.”)

We've discovered a dim light,  
 Over there ;  
 Such a cheery, welcome sight,  
 Over there.  
 To the place we'll quickly go,  
 Ask for shelter, tell our woe ;  
 And they'll surely not say “ no,”  
 Over there.  
 So we'll find a place to stay,  
 Over there.  
 'Till another dawn of day,  
 Over there.  
 With a welcome, full and free,  
 With a bed and cup of tea,  
 Oh ! how lucky we shall be,  
 Over there.

(Chorus *to air of* “ COMING THROUGH THE RYE.”)

You'll never find a day so dark,  
 Nor yet so drear a nook,  
 But you may see a golden beam  
 Of comfort, if you look.

Then cheer up, laddies,  
 Cheer up, lassies ;  
 Then cheer up, laddies,  
 Cheer up, lassies,  
 Hasten, and away ;  
 You'll always find a lining bright  
 Above each cloud of gray.

*(Exeunt all, or curtain.)*

SCENE II. — GIANT'S home in the forest. *Enter children, peering cautiously about.*

BOY. Hello, hello ! an odd place, though !  
 The inmates here do surely roam.  
 No lock or bar, the door ajar,  
 Yet no one seems to be at home.

GIRL. Hello, hello ! things look so queer !  
 I almost wish we were not here !

BOY. See that great chair against the wall !

ANOTHER.

And this big table, square and tall !

GIRL. And mercy on us, what a bed !

ANOTHER.

And what a pillow at the head !

BOY. And here's a fire ; and here — Oh, joy ! —  
 Is bread enough for girl and boy !  
 It is not ours, that's very true ;  
 Yet, let me think what we should do :  
 If the kind host had not gone out,  
 He'd make us welcome, without doubt,  
 And bid us eat, and take our fill.

*(Children exclaim in concert.)*

ALL. Why, then we will ! of course we will.

*(ALL fall to eating voraciously, and sing to air of)*

“ CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS.”

When at home on the cupboard  
 We make a daily raid,  
 Our bread it must be covered thick  
 With jam or marmalade ;

Or with golden brown sugar,  
 With a pinch of cinnamon,  
 Our dainty little appetites  
 Must warily be won;  
 But when we get real hungry,  
 When we're famished and half dead.  
 We are very glad to get  
 Almost any sort of bread.  
 And we eat it and love it,  
 And say it is first rate;  
 Whether hot, or cold, or stale,  
 We are glad to take it—straight.

(*Spoken.*)

BOY. Hush! A step! A heavy tread!  
 Somehow it fills my heart with dread!  
 Unbidden guest, to feast and jest!

ANOTHER.

It was not right!

GIRL. 'Twas impolite!

BOY. Alas, ah me! Now do I see  
 How hasty and how wrong are we!

(*Enter GIANT; sings to the air of "DOST THOU LOVE ME,  
 SISTER RUTH?"*)

Who does dare to enter here?  
 Say, say, say,  
 With a noisy jest and jeer;  
 Yea, yea, yea!  
 Who are these that dare to brave  
 My displeasure fierce?  
 Knowest thou not the Giant's knife  
 All offenders pierce?

What a feast I'll have to-night!  
 Yea, yea, yea!  
 Won't you be a dainty bite?  
 Say, say, say!  
 I will whet my teeth and dine  
 In a sumptuous way!  
 When you're cooked you will be fine;  
 Hey down, ho down hey!

(*Solo and chorus to the air of "EUREKA."*)

GIRL.

O dear Mr. Giant, don't eat us I pray!  
 We're sorry, indeed, we've been bad.  
 While strolling the forest we all lost our way,  
 And came to your castle so glad;

For we thought we had found a good friend in our need,  
 With shelter and food for the night;  
 But now we are wretched, unhappy, indeed,  
 Since we're to be eaten up quite!

(*Chorus.*)

ALL. Forgive us, forgive us, and heed our deep sorrow!  
 And let us go home to our friends on the morrow;  
 Remember our youth;  
 That we're speaking the truth,  
 And spare us, dear Giant, I pray.

GIRL. O good Mr. Giant, our mothers so dear,  
 Do anxiously 'wait our return;  
 Just think of their sorrow, their grief, and their fear,  
 When our unhappy fate they shall learn!  
 We're sorry we meddled, or handled a thing;  
 We're sorry we ate up your bread;  
 Contrition and penitence humbly we bring;  
 Oh, please, we don't want to be — dead!

(*Chorus as above.*)

GIANT (*speaks*).

So hark ye! Hist!  
 I have a list  
 Of virtues mild,  
 Which I admire in every child.  
 You boast of youth;  
 Of speaking truth.  
 That list I'll read;  
 If at its close you're all agreed  
 That you can claim  
 The gifts I name,  
 Which in that document are writ,  
 I'll set you free;  
 Pardoned you'll be;  
 My house in safety you shall quit.

(GIANT *touches bell*, and SLAVE GIANT *appears*.)

GIANT. Bring me my pocket note-book.

(SLAVE *disappears*, and *returns with unabridged dictionary, or other large book.*)



GIANT. Virtues, four; these and no more. (*Reads slowly.*) Unselfishness, gentleness, promptness, neatness.

(CHILDREN *in confusion. Excited dialogue following.*)

GIRL. I ate an orange yesterday,  
And would not give one bite to May!

BOY. I boss our younger children 'round,  
With manner too commanding!

ANOTHER BOY.

I sometimes keep the easy-chair,  
And leave my mother standing!

GIRL. When Tommie bothered me last week,  
I slapped him on his little cheek!

BOY. I had a sum I could not do,  
And smashed my new slate square in two.

GIRL. I'm tardy, frequently, at school!

BOY. I'm late to breakfast, as a rule!

GIRL. My shoe has buttons off the side!

BOY. My scarf forever is untied!

(*Chorus, sadly sung to air of "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND."*)

ALL. Alas, alas, we do deplore, — cruel man, ah, cruel man!  
We've not a virtue of the four, — cruel man, ah, cruel man!  
And since our faults can't be o'erlooked,  
Nor yet your haughty spirit brooked,  
We'll say good-by, and then be — cooked;  
Cruel man, ah cruel man!

(*All weep and embrace.*)

GIANT. Silence, hold!  
Be ye not bold,  
But listen to me, hasty youth.  
The sweetest virtue yet is *truth*.  
Not e'en to shield yourselves from death  
Did falsehood vile pollute your breath;  
And as ye would not, will not, lie,  
Ye neither by my hand shall die.  
These lesser faults you frankly own,  
You'll overcome, ere you are grown;

For truthfulness and honesty  
 The basis of all good must be.  
 Behold an escort at the door ;  
 They'll guide you to your home once more.

(*Escort of ARMED GIANTS appear.*)

(*Chorus to air of "COLUMBIA, GEM OF THE OCEAN."*)

ALL. Oh, you've made us so happy and joyful!  
 Our hearts beat so light and so free ;  
 Our love and our warmest devotion  
 We offer, dear Giant, to thee.  
 Thy mandates severe made us tremble,  
 When destruction, we thought, stood in view ;  
 But with freedom and pardon we'll ever  
 Sing three cheers for our Giant so true !  
     Three cheers for our Giant so true !  
     Three cheers for our Giant so true !  
     May you live and be happy forever,  
     Three cheers for our Giant so true !

(*Chorus, softly sung to air of "DON'T YOU GO, TOMMIE."*)

ALL. And now, Giant dear, we bid you adieu,  
 This hour in your castle we never will rue ;  
 For on our young minds and hearts you've impressed,  
     That *truth*, ever *truth*, is the best.  
 We'll try to be better the rest of our days ;  
 To mend all our lazy and meddlesome ways ;  
 Be prompt at our work as well as our plays :  
     And now, dearest Giant, good-by.

(*Refrain.*)

Good-by, old Giant, so kind ;  
 Farewell, old Giant, so true ;  
     Though now we must sever,  
     We'll love you forever.  
 Dear Giant, good Giant, adieu.

(*All retire, bowing and kissing finger-tips.*)

CURTAIN.



# A CARNIVAL OF DAYS

COMPRISING

*1, May Day; 2, Memorial Day; 3, Fourth of July;  
4, Christmas; 5, St. Valentine's Day*

BY MARY B. HORNE



## NOTE.

THESE holidays can be played in any order, but are arranged in this way to facilitate change of scene. It is much easier to use different children in each day, thus avoiding any change of costume during performance. The smaller the children, in most cases the better. Cupid should be as tiny a child as can play the part.

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## MUSIC.

MAY DAY. — From "The Mikado."

MEMORIAL DAY. — From "War Songs," "Blue and Gray," obtainable at any music store.

FOURTH OF JULY. — The same.

CHRISTMAS. — The carols can be found in "The Sunnyside," William A. Pond, publisher, New York.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. — Cupid's song from "Patience;" the dirge, from "The Silver Bell," a school song-book; madrigal, from "The Mikado."

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## MAY DAY.

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### CHARACTERS.

THE MAY QUEEN.  
FOUR MAIDS OF HONOR.  
FOUR PAGES.  
EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS.

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### COSTUMES AND MOUNTING.

The stage mounting may be made very simple by the use of evergreens, etc. A pretty wood scene is very effective. The throne should be high, approached by two or three steps, thus bringing the queen above the chorus. The girls should wear white, the "Puritan Maiden" dress or "Kate Greenaway," with high sash. Pages in Puritan costume, — steeple-crowned hats, high boots, and capes.

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### MAY DAY.

SCENE. — *A wood. Raised platform at back of stage, with throne c. Music as curtain rises.*

(AIR. — *Entrance of "Mikado."*)

*Enter immediately eight little girls marching two by two, smallest first, carrying baskets, wreaths, and garlands of flowers. March to front; two little girls pause, next two separate and stand R. and L., and so on, thus forming a line across the stage.*

(AIR. — “*Miya-sama*,” “*Mikado*.”)

ALL. Welcome, May Day! Welcome, May Day!  
 We are ever true to thee.  
 Boys may scoff and parents grumble,  
 What care we?  
 If it snow or it blow, what care we?

*Separate, and form in two lines on sides of stage. Enter QUEEN, followed by MAIDS OF HONOR, two in attendance and two bearing crown and sceptre. QUEEN courtesies.*

ALL. Welcome, May Queen! Welcome, May Queen!  
 Here thy faithful subjects see,  
 Ready now to serve thy will, and  
 Bow to thee.  
 Mount the throne, lovely Queen, 'tis for thee.

*QUEEN ascends throne, assisted by MAIDS, who then stand R. and L. ready to crown her and present sceptre at line, “Wear the crown,” etc.*

ALL. Hail, then, May Queen! Hail, then, May Queen,  
 Ruler of this holiday!  
 Wear the crown, and take the sceptre:  
 'Tis thy sway.  
 Rule us now, lovely Queen, this May Day.

*MAIDS join the other girls. Enter R. two pages bearing umbrella and fur boa or knitted hood. L. two pages with waterproof and overshoes. Station themselves R. and L. of QUEEN.*

(AIR. — Continuation of “*Mikado*” music.)

BOYS. From every kind of ill  
 We wish to guard our Queen,  
 So here's a good umbrill —

QUEEN. Scorned by your beautiful May Queen;  
 She cares not for rain:  
 The reason is plain, —  
 She's the beautiful May Queen.

BOYS. Your beauty will be impaired,  
Particularly by slosh.

QUEEN. But my principles I've declared,  
And I'll never take your clumsy galosh.

(*To girls*) Kneel, kneel to your beautiful Queen o' the May!

ALL (*kneeling*). Kneel, kneel to our beautiful Queen o' the May

BOYS. In a fatherly kind of way  
We offer each one his wrap;  
Now cheerfully own our sway.

QUEEN. Not while I've fingers left to snap!

"I'm tough as a bone,  
I've a will of my own,"

And I'll never accept a wrap. (*Shivers.*)

BOYS. The weather is damp and cold;  
Our desire is but to screen —

QUEEN. Your anxiety makes you bold;  
You insult your beautiful May Queen.

(*Boys throw down wraps, etc.*)

Kneel, kneel to your beautiful Queen o' the May:

(*Boys take off hats, kneel, and join chorus.*)

ALL. Kneel, kneel to our beautiful Queen o' the May.

(*All sneeze.*)

*Introduce march here, or repeat "Miya-sama." Girls march to throne in single file, passing each other F. C., and deliver flowers to MAIDS OF HONOR, who have taken their places R. and L. of QUEEN. PAGES go to C. and whisper behind their hats. Girls then form groups of four R. and L.*

(*AIR. — "Flowers that bloom in the spring."*)

BOYS. To maidens light-hearted and free,

Tra-la, (*Girls sneeze.*)

The weather no pleasures can cloy;  
So we'll gather beneath the green tree,

Tra-la, (*Girls sneeze.*)

We'll join in their innocent glee,  
 Tra-la, (Girls sneeze.)  
 And nothing shall dampen our joy.

We'll make the swamp ring with our innocent glee,  
 We'll wade round the May-pole light-hearted and free,  
 Tra-la-la, etc.

*Dance.* Each group cross right hands and turn. Left hand  
 back. MAIDS OF HONOR turn each other.

GIRLS. The pleasure we take on May Day,  
 Tra-la, (Boys sneeze.)  
 Brings trouble enough in its train;  
 You'd better look out for the play,  
 Tra-la, (Boys sneeze.)  
 That's suited to boys on May Day,  
 Tra-la, (Boys sneeze.)  
 And go play base-ball in the rain.  
 We'll twine our May garlands beneath the green tree,  
 While you make a home-run, all dangers to flee,  
 Tra-la-la, etc.

*Boys run B. F. and L. F. Girls form in C. All dance.*

CURTAIN.

## MEMORIAL DAY.

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### CHARACTERS.

SIX OR MORE VETERANS.

TWELVE LITTLE GIRLS.

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### COSTUMES AND MOUNTING.

The scenery may be the same as in "May Day," with the addition of battle-flags or colors of local post G.A.R. This is more effective if real veterans will take part. The men should wear the uniform used on Decoration Day, and they must carry guns. The girls should be dressed in white, modern costumes.

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### MEMORIAL DAY.

SCENE. — *Wood, same as in "May-Day." As curtain rises, a hidden chorus sing, with drum in distance, "Battle Hymn of the Republic;" air, "John Brown."*

ALL. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible  
swift sword.

His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.



ALL. I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling  
camps;  
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews  
and damp;  
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flar-  
ing lamps.

His day is marching on."  
Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

*Immediately after the rising of the curtain, the order "Forward, march!" is given off the stage, L. Then enter soldiers, marching in single file; form in line at back of stage. "Halt! Front! Order arms! Stack arms!" This drill, while chorus is singing. They place guns in two stacks. Then music changes to dirge. Enter the twelve little girls, bearing baskets, wreaths, and garlands of flowers. Form in group R. F. and L. F. Men uncover. Girls sing dirge, from "Silver Bell," p. 84.*

GIRLS. Peace to the brave who nobly fell  
'Neath our flag, their hope and pride;  
They fought like heroes, long and well,  
Then like heroes died.

Hallowed forever be the graves  
Where our martyrs dreamless sleep.  
Columbia, weep thy fallen braves,

(Cres.) But triumphant weep.

Nobly they died in Freedom's name,  
Died our country's flag to save;  
Forever sacred be their fame,  
Green their honored grave.

*Little girl with flowers advances between the stacked arms  
and addresses the soldiers.*

## ADDRESS.

Take from the children  
 Garlands of flowers  
 Culled from the woods and meads,  
 Freshened by showers.  
 Let us who never knew  
 Aught but the peace-time  
 Give thus our tribute to  
 Heroes of war-time.

E'en though our fathers seem  
 Oft to forget,  
 In the great scheme of life,  
 Memory's debt,  
 Trust to the children who  
 Listen with awe  
 Always to honor those  
 Deeds of the war.

Leave to the children through  
 Ages unseen  
 In their young hearts to keep  
 Those mem'ries green.  
 Take, then, these flowers, and  
 Bear them away:  
 They are our tribute to  
 Memorial Day.

*Presents flowers to soldiers; the other girls follow. The men hang the garlands, etc., upon the stacked arms, then fall back into line. Girls group in front of arms. Tableau.*

(AIR. — "America.")

ALL. My country, 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the Pilgrims' pride;  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring.

CURTAIN.

---

NOTE. *This scene could be made very effective by having half the men in Southern uniform, and enter on R. at the same time that the Union men enter L. Form one line, as before.*

*After the presentation of flowers, all sing.*

(AIR. — "The Blue and the Gray.")

By the flow of the inland river,  
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead.  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment day,  
 Under the one the Blue,  
 Under the other the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
 Or the winding rivers be red;  
 They banish our anger forever  
 When they laurel the graves of our dead.  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the judgment day;  
 Love and tears for the Blue,  
 Tears and love for the Gray.

CURTAIN.

## FOURTH OF JULY.

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### CHARACTERS.

- GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES, *Orator.*  
DANIEL WEBSTER FLYNN, *Master of Ceremonies.*  
ANTIQUES AND HORRIBLES.  
GEORGE WASHINGTON, *with hatchet.*  
YANKEE DOODLE, *with flag.*  
INDIAN, *with banner: "Lo! the poor Indian."*  
U. S. SOLDIER, *with gun.*  
CHINAMAN, *with Chinese banner.*  
NEGRO, *with banjo.*  
IRISHMAN.  
COWBOY, *with banner: "Houp-la."*  
GERMAN, *with banner: Beer-mug and pipe.*  
ITALIAN.  
FRENCHMAN.  
SPANIARD.  
DRUMMER-BOY, *and chorus of boys and girls, with tin horns,  
torpedoes, etc.*

---

### COSTUMES.

The orator and master of ceremonies can be gotten up in stump-orator style, — tall hats, etc. The antiques and horrors should be costumed according to the characters they represent. George Washington, Yankee Doodle, very small boys; others may be larger. The drummer-boy in Zouave uniform.

## FOURTH OF JULY.

SCENE. — *A wood, as before, but a great display of bunting and small flags. Chinese lanterns would add to the effect. Platform at back. Curtain rises to music "Yankee Doodle," with piano and fife. Enter DRUMMER-BOY. Stands upon platform and drums. Enter L. :—*

ANTIQUES AND HORRIBLES, *marching two by two.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND YANKEE DOODLE.

INDIAN AND SOLDIER.

CHINAMAN AND NEGRO.

IRISHMAN AND COWBOY.

GERMAN AND ITALIAN.

FRENCHMAN AND SPANIARD.

*March to front, and separate; stationed R. and L. in such a way that each is visible to audience. Music changes to "Hail to the Chief!" Enter crowd, running, shouting, and looking back. Enter ORATOR with MASTER OF CEREMONIES. Stands for a moment on platform, while crowd cheer, blow horns, fire torpedoes, then come forward.*

D. WEBSTER FLYNN (*speaks*). Friends and Fellow-Citizens, — The distinguished gentleman beside me represents the American of to-day. (*Cheers.*) I need not tell you that he is a rising man. (*Cheers.*) Look at the offices he has held! Beginning as a village postmaster, he has filled in succession such worthy positions as Alderman and member of the Common Council, until at last he has attained the Mayor's chair. (*Cheers.*) What more do you ask? Gentlemen, I am proud to call this man my friend. (*Cheers.*) His public career has been one of honesty and integrity, and he stands to-day qualified to be the leading candidate in the Presidential contest of 1888. (*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, I present to you the orator of the day, the Hon. George Washington Jones. (*Renewed cheers.*)

Mr. JONES. Men of America! (*Cheers.*) It is with feelings akin to emotion that I behold this vast assemblage of natures'



noblemen (*Cheers*), and reflect that it comes to do honor to this glorious day. (*Cheers.*) What are we here to celebrate? (*Cheers, torpedoes, horns blown, etc.*) We are here to celebrate the nation's birthday. (*Cheers.*) Yes, fellow-citizens, this is the anniversary of the birth of our nation; and, men of America, what a nation it is! Let the old monarchies scoff if they like; but ask them, my friends, ask them, I say, to show us a broader land, united under one government. (*Cheers.*) From the blue waters of the Atlantic to the mild waves of the Pacific, from the cold regions of the North wind to the South, where the balmy zephyrs blow, *all that vast land is ours*: "One flag, one land, one heart, one hand, one *nation*, evermore!" (*Renewed cheers.*) And, fellow-citizens, who are these men of America? The framers of our glorious Constitution (GEORGE WASHINGTON *and* YANKEE DOODLE *bow*) proclaimed that "all men are created free and equal." Do we live up to this principle? Behold our oppressed brother from Ireland. (IRISHMAN *takes off his hat with left hand, and shows ballot in his right.*) He lands in New-York City; and, as his foot touches the sacred soil, the ballot is placed in his willing hand, and forthwith he wields a power mightier than the sword. (*Cheers.*) And so, my friends, with other nations. We make no distinction. German (GERMAN *bows*), French (FRENCHMAN *lifts hat*), Italian (*ditto*), Spaniard (*ditto*), — all (CHINAMAN *toddles to front*), *all are welcome, all — except the Chinese!* (IRISHMAN *seizes CHINAMAN, and drags him back to place.*) Then behold the children of the republic! (*Points to NEGRO.*) It is true, we were a little uncertain, for a space of years, as to the *color* of free and equal men; but when our victorious armies (SOLDIER *salutes*) settled that question, did we not "break the chains of the oppressor, and let the oppressed go free"? (*Cheers.*) And to-day every black man can cast his vote (NEGRO *waves ballot*), if he wants to (COWBOY *seizes and tears it*), and nobody stops him. And, men of America, behold the poor Indian! What have we done for *him*? Ahem! We have, ahem! — we have — Well, we haven't done as much

as we might have done ; but in the years to come we will do more. (*Cheers.*) Let us drop personalities, and raise our eyes above such petty affairs to that glorious flag on high.

'Tis the star-spangled banner!  
 Oh, long may it wave  
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

(*Cheer upon cheer, with a general racket.*)

Mr. FLYNN. Friends, I propose three cheers for the orator.  
 One! (*cheers*) two! (*cheers*) three! (*cheers.*)  
*Piano and fife give "Hail Columbia." All sing, with accompaniment of drum, clappers, tin horns, torpedoes, etc., —*

Hail, Columbia, happy land!  
 Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!  
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
 And when the strife and wars were gone,  
 Enjoyed the peace your valor won.  
 Let independence be your boast,  
 Ever mindful what it cost ;  
 Ever grateful for the prize,  
 Let its altar reach the skies.  
 Firm, united let us be,  
 Rallying round our liberty ;  
 As a band of brothers joined,  
 Peace and safety we shall find.

CURTAIN.

# CHRISTMAS.

---

## CHARACTERS.

THE GRANDMOTHER.  
AUNT JUDITH.

GRANDCHILDREN, *small boys and girls.*

ROBERT,	RUTH,
THOMAS,	DOROTHY
BERTRAM,	RACHEL.
HARRY,	HELEN.

GUESTS, *older grandchildren.*

MORTIMER,	MARJOLAINE,
DICK,	ELIZABETH.

MASKERS,

COUSIN JACK,	HODGE,
PERKINS,	JOE,

BILL.

---

## COSTUMES.

Costumes should be those in the reign of Elizabeth, — ruffs, etc. The pages who play in "May Day" will do for the little boys, if they remove their hats and boots. Should wear shoes with buckles. Four of the little girls in their Puritan costume can take part in this. Maskers may wear grotesque costumes. Jack should be in full dress, covered by a domino, which he throws off when he unmaskes.

## CHRISTMAS.

SCENE. — *Hall in an old English house. Sideboard (B.C.) with refreshments, cake, pitcher, and mugs. Room decorated with evergreen, a mistletoe-bough hanging from ceiling. Some antique furniture. GRANDMA sitting R. knitting. Curtain rises to dance-music. The small boys and girls dancing. All hands round, then grand right and left. As they meet partners second time, ROBERT pulls RUTH under the mistletoe, and kisses her. ROBERT and RUTH should stand with backs to audience as they begin right and left.*

BERTRAM. Oh, Robert hath stole a kiss!

ALL. Shame, shame! (*Laugh and point at RUTH.*) A stolen kiss! Shame!

(*RUTH runs to GRANDMA, and, kneeling beside her, hides her face in her lap.*)

TOM. There is no cause for such a turmoil. Doubtless Mistress Ruth dissembles.

RACHEL (*standing beside RUTH*). Indeed, she does not. She is weeping.

GIRLS. Shame on you, Robert!

ROB. Indeed, and is she not my cousin? And, forsooth, is this not Christmas eve?

BERT. (*pointing up*). And *that*, good friends, the mistletoe?

RUTH (*lifting her face, while GRANDMA caresses her*). It was a liberty, all the same.

GRANDMA. There, there, little one, do not grieve. Master Bobby shall look to his manners in future.

ROB. Missy is too squeamish. I thought perchance she'd like it. (*All laugh.*)

DOROTHY (*standing directly under mistletoe*). Master Robert makes fine excuses, but a maid hath good right to take offence when a lad plays a scurvy trick upon her, just because, forsooth, she stand beneath —

ALL. Seize her, Tom, seize her.

(*TOM kisses DOROTHY, who pushes him away, and then runs to GRANDMA, and also hides her head in her lap.*)

GRANDMA. Tut, tut, laddies! Enough is as good as a feast.

ROB (*standing before GRANDMA*). Look you, grandam, did you, perchance, make such a riot?

GRANDMA. When the young lads kissed me, grandson? In good sooth, Master Impertinence, 'tis so long since, I have forgotten.

ALL. Oh, ho! grandam, thou meanest thou wilt not tell?

(*Enter AUNT JUDITH.*)

ALL. Aunt Judith, have they come? Are they without?

AUNT J. They are at the door. Prepare to welcome them.

ALL. Hurrah!

(*Enter GUESTS.*)

ALL. Merry Christmas, merry Christmas!

AUNT J. How cold you are!

GRANDMA. My children, you are truly welcome.

(*They remove wraps, assisted by children.*)

BERT. Is there snow without?

MARJOLAINE. Faith, no! The night is perfect.

MORTIMER. Egad! the stars above were only outshone by our fair cousin's eyes.

ELIZABETH. Oh, shame, cousin Mortimer! to pay compliments on Christmas eve.

MARJ. We drove, good grandam, and found it passing pleasant.

GRANDMA. A long drive, forsooth.

DICK. What say you, grandam? A matter of two leagues, and a pretty cousin beside one?

ROB. Perchance, cousin Dick, there was a mistletoe-bough at hand?

ELIZ. O you rogue!

(*Chases him under the bough.*)

ALL. Elizabeth is under. Kiss her, kiss her, somebody!



GRANDMA (*pulling ELIZABETH away*). There, there! Grandam to the rescue!

ALL (*besieging GRANDMA*). It is grandam's turn. She hath brought it upon herself.

GRANDMA (*straightening her cap*). Tut, tut! You're saucy rogues. I'll take the lash to ye, yet. Look at my cap!

(*Music without.*)

AUNT J. Whisht! listen! There is music.

ALL (*listen, then shout*). The maskers! they are coming!

GRANDMA. Sh-sh!

(*Air from "Sunnyside." Maskers outside sing.*)

We three kings of Orient are;  
Bearing gifts we traverse far,  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
Following yonder star.

O star of wonder, star of might,  
Star with royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to the perfect Light!

(*All applaud.*)

MARJ. It is a sweet carol.

AUNT J. Bertram, lad, invite them to enter.

GRANDMA. We must give them Christmas cheer.

AUNT J. Indeed we must.

(*Enter MASKERS. All laugh. Little girls run in terror to GRANDMA. MASKERS stand in line across back of stage.*)

BOYS. Merry Christmas to ye!

MASKERS. The same to ye, one and all.

GRANDMA. It is fitting that we sing a rousing carol, and then we'll bid these friends unmask. Sing, I command ye.

(*All sing Christmas carol from "Sunnyside."*)

ALL. God rest ye, merry gentlemen;  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,  
Was born on Christmas Day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem,  
 The stars shone through the gray,  
 GIRLS. When Jesus Christ, the Saviour,  
 BOYS. Was born on Christmas Day.  
 ALL. When Jesus Christ, the Saviour,  
 Was born on Christmas Day.

ALL. God rest ye, little children,  
 Let nothing you affright,  
 For Jesus Christ, the blessed One,  
 Was born on Christmas night.  
 Along the hills of Galilee,  
 The white flocks sleeping lay,  
 GIRLS. When Christ, the Child of Nazareth,  
 BOYS. Was born on Christmas Day.  
 ALL. When Christ, the Child of Nazareth,  
 Was born on Christmas Day.

GRANDMA and AUNT J. That was good!  
 GRANDMA. Now, my lads, remove the masks.  
 (*All unmask. Children laugh.*)

LITTLE GIRLS. Behold! it's cousin Jack!

ROB. Here's Hodge!

BERT. Hi, Bill!

TOM. Egad! it is Joe the stable-boy.

HARRY and DICK. In truth, Perkins, we did not expect to find thee in this scrimmage.

GRANDMA. Ye are all welcome this Christmas eve. Daughter Judith, dispense the hospitality to our guests.

(*AUNT J. retires to sideboard, followed by the little girls, who pass refreshments about; meantime conversation continues.*)

TOM (*to JACK*). Faith, cousin Jack, you played us a good trick. We did not look for you among the maskers.

ROB (*nudging HODGE*). Look ye, Hodge. He makes a good one, is't not so?

HODGE. 'Deed he does, young master.

PERKINS. He's rugged as the rest of us.

JACK (*to MARJOLAINE*). Well, cousin Marjolaine, what is't offends thee?

MARJ. You may well ask, cousin Jack. A gentleman to have so little dignity, forsooth, as to spend his evening in the society of maskers!

JACK. Instead, fair mistress, of making love to pretty cousins, and kissing them under the —

MARJ. Cousin Jack, I protest. Return to your friends.

(*Clock strikes twelve.*)

AUNT J. Hark! the clock is striking twelve. Now welcome Christmas Day.

(AIR. — *Madrigal from "Mikado."*)

ALL. Welcome, welcome Christmas Day,  
 Midnight bells are all a-ringing;  
 Let us, let us all be singing,  
 Welcome, welcome, Christmas Day.  
 We will drive away all sorrow,  
 Naught but pleasure for the morrow;  
 Midnight bells chime with our song,  
 Ding-dong, ding-dong.  
 As the veil of night doth fall  
 Over one and over all,  
 Sing a merry madrigal.  
 Tra-la-la, etc.

CURTAIN

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

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### CHARACTERS.

CUPID,	}	<i>School-girls.</i>
MARJOLAINE,		
KATE,		
JANE,		
SUSETTE,		
ANNIE,		
ELAINE,		
FANNIE,		
BRIDGET,		<i>Servant.</i>

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### COSTUMES.

School-girls in modern dress. Cupid in tights, with trunks, sandals, quiver full of arrows at his back, wings and a satchel the shape of a heart, filled with valentines; bow and arrow in his hand. Bridget, servant-girl dress, — cap, etc.

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### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

SCENE. — *Reception-room at boarding-school. Small table R. F., chair L. F. Other furniture ad libitum. Enter CUPID (L.) as curtain rises. Comes up F. with stealthy step.*

### SONG.

(AIR. — "A most intense young man," "Patience.")

CUPID.  
Come, boys, do not repine;  
The day at last is mine,  
And Cupid will rule  
Each young ladies' school,  
By leave of St. Valentine.

Who dares my sway dispute,  
I'll quickly through her shoot  
This sharp little arrow,  
Her feelings to harrow,  
And give her pain acute.

I've a very dreadful dart,  
Which causes a terrible smart.  
No maid is too old,  
No man is so bold,  
But I can hit his heart.

(*Music continues. CUPID produces six valentines from his satchel.*)

CUPID.           •           Here's one for Kate and Jane;  
Here's one for sweet Elaine;  
And here's one for Fannie,  
For Susette, and Annie,  
But none for Marjolaine,

(*Puts valentines on table, picks up his bow and arrows, which he has laid down while sorting the valentines, walks about meditating for a moment, then comes F., winks at audience, and speaks.*)

CUPID. My, won't she be in a pet!

(*Dances off R., singing, "I've a very dreadful dart," etc. Enter L. immediately, KATE and JANE.*)

KATE. It is the 14th of February. Dear me! I wish it was time for the postman.

JANE (*seeing valentines*). Why, Kate, look here! Our letters have come.

KATE (*seizing valentines*). Oh, valentines, valentines! Call the girls.

JANE (*calling off*). Girls, girls! hurry up! The mail is in!  
(*Enter, with a rush, FANNIE, ANNIE, SUSETTE, ELAINE.*)

ALL. Good-morning. Good-morning.

KATE. Just look at the valentines!

ANNIE and FANNIE. Any for me?



SUSETTE. Oh, *do* hurry up!

ELAINE. Let us see them.

(*Enter MARJOLAINE, unnoticed; stands listening.*)

KATE. This is for Jane, and this for Susette. Here, Annie, is yours; and Fannie, yes, *this* is for you. Come, "sweet Elaine," and get yours. But, oh, dear me! (*with a glance at MARJOLAINE*) there is only one left, and that is for—*me*.

MARJ. Good-morning, girls. You need not look so disturbed because I have no valentine. I feel myself beyond such childish things. (*With a shrug.*) The custom is obsolete. (*Sits L.*)

GIRLS. O Marjolaine! how can you say so?

JANE. It's awfully jolly, obsolete or not.

KATE. (*approaching MARJOLAINE*). Now listen, dear, to *this*. Oh, it's so sweet! He says (*reading valentine*),—

"My heart doth wear a fetter  
That thou hast o'er it thrown,  
And I my life would wager  
None doth a heavier own."

ALL. Oh, oh! how lovely! Whom do you suspect? Is it Fred, or Jim, or Jack, or Harry, or—

KATE. *Girls*, how *can* you ask?

JANE. Now hear mine. (*Reads.*)

"In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,  
In crowded hall or lonely bower,  
The business of my life shall be  
Forever to remember *thee*."

ALL. How perfectly *sweet*!

SUSETTE (*with a sigh*). Oh, mine is so faithful! I know Gregory sent it,

FANNIE and ANNIE. Read it, dear.

SUSETTE (*reads*).

"Ah, not alone when spring is smiling,  
Ah, not alone when summer reigns:  
Our love shall last when days are waning,  
And winter holds the earth in chains."

MARJ. Supposing you read the others in the retirement of your bedrooms. This is really quite nauseating.

KATE. O Marjie, dear, how *can* you be so heartless! You dampen all our ardor.

ANNIE *and* FANNIE. Mean thing!

JANE (*aside*). Oh, she'd be all right if only she had a valentine.

ELAINE (*coming forward*). Really, Marjolaine, I *don't* want to offend you, but this is just too sweet for any thing (*Reads*).

"Roses white, roses red,  
Roses in the lane;  
Tell me, roses red and white,  
Where is sweet Elaine?"

ALL. Sh-sh! An appointment! How exciting! You'll have to meet him.

SUSETTE. What a lark!

(*Knock. All separate, and look demure, hiding valentines behind them. Enter BRIDGET with a large valentine.*)

ALL. O Bridget, quick! Is it for me?

BRIDGET. Faith, now, how can I tell? I'm that flustered, I could'nt read the handwritin' o' me own mother.

MARJ. Why, what is the matter?

BRIDGET. Matter enough! Whisht, now, an' I'll tell yez. But mind ye, close thim doors, an' keep mum-like: I'd not have the school-missis ketch me, — no, not in this scrape.

(*Girls close doors on tiptoe, then crowd about BRIDGET.*)

KATE. Now tell us.

MARJ. Give me the valentine first.

BRIDGET. Faith an' I will. Take it, an' I'm well quit of it.

MARJ. (*reading*). "Miss M. L. Endicott," It is for me. O girls! look! (*Opening valentine.*)

JANE (*aside*). An obsolete custom!

BRIDGET (*to MARJOLAINE*). Miss Marjolaine, wait a bit.

Thim love-letters'll kape, but *he* is beyant there in the cedar closet, an' I'm that puzzled —

FANNIE *and* ANNIE. He ?

SUSETTE *and* ELAINE. Who ?

KATE *and* JANE. The Postman ?

} *All together.*

BRIDGET. Postman, indade! Is it me head ye think has gone asunder, as well as me heart?

MARJ. Well, who is it, then? The gentleman who sent this?

BRIDGET. Whisht, now? What do ye take me for? Hiding young gintlemen in closets in a select boarding-school? *O!* no!

KATE. Why don't you tell us, then?

JANE. We are dying to know.

ALL. Oh, *do* hurry up!

BRIDGET. Faith an' I will, an' git out o' this. I'm that confused in me head, I donno where to begin, but ye'll know I'm tellin' yez the truth whin I projuce the b'y.

ALL. The *boy!* What do you mean?

BRIDGET. Listen, now, till I tell yez. The bell rings, an' I says to mesilf, "'Tis the postman;" an' I goes hasty-like to the door, mindin' the day, ye know. I opens it quick-like, an' there forninst me was the purtiest little b'y ye'd see in a twilvemonth. 'Twas mesilf that had a frindly word on me tongue, whin I noticed the clothes as was *not* on him. It struck me all spacheless; an' thin I took notice o' the shootin' *masheen* he had with him, the likes o' which the young ladies has at the archery.

MARJ. Why, it was Cupid himself!

FANNIE *and* ANNIE. How exciting!

SUSETTE *and* ELAINE. What did he do?

KATE *and* JANE. What did you say?

BRIDGET. What did I say? Nothin' at all, but looked at him with me two eyes. What did he do? Faith an' he tipped me a wink; an', och, ohone! the pain that I got in me heart, it went clane through, an' came out at me back. I took the

lether, an' I was that okkipied in thinkin' o' me first cousin once removed, that he'd got away, sure, that imp o' darkness, but jist thin he winked again an' laughed. It is not in me nature to stand bein' made game of, an I sazed upon him. I took him in me arms, an' I carried him clane through into the cedar closet, him a-strooglin' an' a-kickin' an a-stickin' o' thim darts into me the whole way. until I'm all of a *quiver*. He's yander, well fastened in along with the coats an' mufflers. Faith, an' it wouldn't harm him to put on a few.

KATE. O Bridget! go bring him in.

JANE. What fun!

MARJ. We'll make him tell who sent the valentines.

BRIDGET. Faith, now, young ladies, what do ye take me for? I'l l'ave the handlin' o' *him* to others after this day.

ELAINE. Why, Bridget, it is only Cupid.—*Love*, you know.

BRIDGET. It's more pain than pleasure, whatever name ye give it; an' I'll l'ave it to yerselves, young ladies, to injuce him to come forth.

ALL. Who'll go with Bridget? (*A pause. Girls look at each other. No answer.*)

BRIDGET. Faith, an' it's afraid ye are. I don't wonder.

SUSETTE. *I'll go.*

ALL. O Susette! what a trump you are! (*Exeunt SUSETTE and BRIDGET.*)

JANE. Oh, I am *so* excited!

KATE. What will he be like?

ANNIE. I'm all of a tremble.

FANNIE. So am I.

MARJ. None of you ask about my valentine, and it is set to music too. (*Humming.*)

ALL. Oh, sing it to us!

MARJ. Oh, how can I? The very thought makes me blush!

GIRLS. Oh, do, do!

MARJ. (*Sings. An air can be selected to suit voice and words. With a little change, "Oh, how Delightful," by J. L. Molloy, may be used.*)

“ Who will buy pansies ?  
 There are her eyes,  
 Dew-soft and tender ;  
 Love in them lies.

Who will buy roses ?  
 There are her lips,  
 And there is the nectar  
 Cupidon sips.

Who will buy lilies ?  
 There are her cheeks,  
 And there the shy blushing  
 That maidhood bespeaks.

Darling, sweet darling,  
 What must one pay ?  
 Good stranger, the market's  
 Not open to-day !”

ALL. Oh, how lovely ! how entrancing !

KATE. Do you suppose Cupid will tell us who sent it ?

JANE (*at door*). They are coming.

(*Enter SUSETTE leading CUPID. Girls crowd around him.*)

JANE. O you dear little thing !

KATE. Isn't he lovely !

(*CUPID breaks away and runs to R. F.*)

ELAINE. Did you really bring these valentines ?

ANNIE. Who sent them ?

SUSETTE. He won't tell.

MARJ. (*approaching Cupid*). Oh, yes, he will !

CUPID (*aiming arrow at her*). Take care ! These arrows are very sharp.

MARJ. (*kneeling before him*). Oh, tell me, please ! I'm not afraid of your arrows : my heart is pierced already.

KATE. (*putting hand on her heart*). And so is mine.

JANE (*ditto*). And mine.

ELAINE. And mine.

SUSETTE. And mine.



ANNIE. And mine.

SUSETTE. And mine.

BRIDGET (*at door*). An' moine.

ALL. So tell us, please!

SONG.

(*Same air, from "Patience."*)

CUPID. Your request I must decline ;  
The secret is not mine.  
If you would discover  
The name of your lover,  
Go ask St. Valentine.

GIRLS. You've wounded each one's heart  
With your nasty little dart,  
And now it's your pleasure,  
With joy beyond measure,  
To aggravate the smart.

*Chorus.*

ALL. You come with manners coy,  
You saucy little boy ;  
You cannot deceive,  
We'll always believe  
That love brings only joy.

(*Chorus repeated.*)

CUPID. I come with manners coy,  
I'm a saucy little boy ;  
I never deceive,  
You need not believe  
That love is only joy.

(*Repeat chorus, all singing together, and dance.*)

CURTAIN.

A

DREAM OF THE CENTURIES

AND

OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS FOR  
PARLOR AND HALL

BY

GEO. B. BARTLETT

AND OTHERS

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

AND OF THE

# A DREAM OF THE CENTURIES.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

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## CHARACTERS:

HISTORY.

A MOUND-BUILDER.

SPANISH ADVENTURER OF 1500.

POCAHONTAS.

PRISCILLA THE PURITAN.

CONTINENTAL SOLDIER.

THE BOY IN BLUE.

COLUMBIA.

AN INDIAN CHIEF.

MRS. ROBERT MURRAY (1776).

DUTCHMAN OF 1607.

QUAKER OF 1650.

SOLDIER OF 1812.

THE BOY IN GRAY.

CHILDREN: Harry, Jenny, Tom, Lucy.

PLACE OF ACTION — NEW YORK CITY. TIME — PRESENT DAY.

## *Enter* HISTORY.

*History.* Back in the ages, centuries ago,  
When out of Chaos life began to flow;  
When Eden, blossoming with love and light,  
Taught the hard lesson that *no* wrong was right;  
When on Devonian shores no eye might scan  
The faintest symptom of the biped — man;  
But when alone in solemn grandeur stalked  
The Mega — Mega — Mega-a —

Oh, dear! I can't remember that horrid long word  
— when alone in solemn grandeur stalked  
The Mega — Mega —

Well, it's a Mega — something or other, and then there are a lot more of just such awful ten-syllabled names that I can't begin to pronounce. I'll just drop the poetry and explain to you all that I am History, and she, I know, was one of the Nine Muses, because I have read all about her in my reading-book. Her name was — let me see — Melpomone? Terpsichore? No — oh! Clio! that's what it was — Clio! She was the Muse of History — well, that's me! And you must know that I am as old as the hills, because when the world began, then I began. Of course that's all make-believe, for you know very well that my name is ——— and I am only ——— years old. But I'm playing that I am History in this piece.

Well, I am walking up and down the earth thinking of all the events I have recorded in past ages, and with my tablets all ready to note down every new occurrence. Last year I was dreadfully busy, for that was Centennial year, you know, and in fact, as every day almost is an anniversary of some particular event in our Revolutionary history, I expect to be kept hard at work for some years yet.

Do you know I have often thought that it would be good fun to kind of mix up all the things I have taken notice of? Just introduce the tenth century to the sixth, for instance, or 1677 to 1877. Don't you think it would be nice? I shall have to think about it! *(Noise of children heard.)*

Ah! here comes some children. I do *so* like children, don't you? They are a sort of preface to my book, because of course their *real* history comes *after* them. I don't doubt that I shall have to write one of those boys as president fifty years from now; — President ———! how would that sound! And that little girl — well perhaps she will be president too — or presidentess, for you can't tell what may happen in these go-ahead days.

I will just make myself invisible and hear what they are talking about (waves her pen-wand). There, now I am invisible.

*(She withdraws to one corner of the stage and listens.)*



Enter HARRY, JENNY, TOM, LUCY (*with books etc.*).

*Harry.* Say, Jenny! just hear my history lesson, won't you?

*Jennie.* All right (*takes the book*). Where did Washington go after the Battle of Long Island?

*Harry.* After the Battle of Long Island, Washington went to — to — let me see — after the — Battle — of — Long — Island — Washington went to — to — oh, dear me, just tell me the next word, won't you, please?

*Jennie.* Went — to — Fort —

*Harry.* Oh, yes! went to Fort — Sumter — where he —

*All (laughing).* Ha, ha, ha!

*Harry.* What are you all laughing at?

*Jennie.* Oh, you stupid! How could General Washington go to Fort Sumter?

*Tom.* Fort Sumter don't come till the 215th page in the history — in the war between the States.

*Harry.* Well, I don't know then. I hate History, anyhow. I've just studied that old lesson as hard as I could, and I don't believe I can say a word of it. It's a mean old study, I think.

*Lucy.* So do I! Do you know I wish I had lived in the Garden of Eden, and then there couldn't have been any history to study, and none of those horrid recapitulations! I'm sure I don't care to know when William the Conqueror fought the Battle of Waterloo.

*Jennie.* I don't think you ever *will* know that.

*Tom.* No, the idea, Lucy! William the Conqueror never saw Waterloo.

*Lucy.* Well, somebody did, and I don't care who it was.

*Jennie.* Don't you care to know anything of your own country?

*Harry.* No! what difference will it make —

*Lucy.* A hundred years from now?

*Tom.* Well, I notice there's plenty of talk these days about a hundred years *ago*.

*Harry.* Oh, that's 'cause it's just been Centennial year.

*Fennie.* And all the more reason why we ought to know all about what we have been celebrating. Only think of all the things that have happened just here where we are standing!

*Tom.* Wouldn't it be jolly if we could see all the people that have ever been here? Whew! what a crowd there would be!

*Fennie.* Yes, or if we could see any of the persons we read about. Imagine me talking to a lady of a hundred years ago, all flounces, and laces, and powder.

*Harry.* And me to an Indian Chief such as you read about in Cooper's novels.

*Lucy.* O, and me to that lovely, darling Pocahontas—just the sweetest Indian girl that ever was.

*Tom.* And me to old Peter Stuyvesant, or one of the old Knickerbocker Dutchmen.

*Harry.* Why, yes, *that* would make History real interesting—be a sort of object-teaching, wouldn't it?

*History (coming forward).* Would you really like to see all these people, children?

*(The children all start hastily, draw back, and speak together.)*

*Lucy.* Oh-h—good gracious!

*Tom.* Why, who is that?

*Harry.* Gemini-peltz!

*Fennie.* O-o-oh, my gracious me!

*History.* Don't be alarmed, children. I am harmless—to look at!

*All (taking a step towards her).* Who are you?

*History.* I am what Jennie and Tom like, and Harry and Lucy abominate.

*All.* What is that?

*History.* History!

*All.* History?

*History.* Yes, I am the Muse of History. Would you like to see all these people you have been talking about? would you? You shall! Behold! thus do I wave my wand and place you all in the power of a lingering dream, and thus, by the power of my magic pen, do I summon the past and mingle the centuries into one.

(*She slowly waves her hand and steps backward to one corner of the stage, while music—low and soft—is played. Suddenly the Mound-Builder appears at the back of the stage, halts a moment, and then advances to the front.*)

Harry. O-o-oh! Tom, Jennie, — see there! There's a fellow all dressed in skins.

Tom. I wonder who he is!

Lucy and Jennie. S-s-sh!

Mound-Builder:

I am one of the boys of whom scientists speak.  
A man, pre-historic; Dame Nature's first freak.  
I am one of the Mound-Builders, dusty with age,  
Half fact, and half fiction — but, just now, the rage.  
For, first of all bipeds with reason endowed,  
I lead in the van of the gathering crowd,  
The dwellers primeval! the first of the race!  
'Way back in the ages *we* owned the whole place.  
No trace of our civilization is left;  
Of life, home and country, we soon were bereft,  
When the Red Men — a horde of resistless invaders —  
Came — and proved themselves any but nice next-door neighbors.  
They conquered, — enslaved us — and you know the rest.  
Now nothing remains of us, save in the West,  
Where huge mounds, scattered over the country, relate  
Only part of our customs, but not of our fate.

Tom. Well, now, that was kind of rough, wasn't it?

Harry. Yes, it was. But I wouldn't have given in if I had been you.

Jennie. Where *did* you go to, please?

Mound-Builder:

Like the great orb of heaven when daylight is done,  
We went westward — and westward — and sank — with the sun.

(*Steps to one side. With a bound the Indian appears at the rear of the stage — strides hastily to the front and half-faces the children.*)

Tom. Hullo, Harry! There's the Indian Chief you wanted to see.

*Indian.* I am *Wau-ban-i*, — the Fire-Brand!  
Chief of thrice two hundred lodges!  
When I walk, the mountains tremble.  
When I speak, the ocean listens.  
As my left hand sways the lightning,  
So my right hand grasps the whirlwind.  
All the arrows in my quiver,  
In my quiver fringed with wampum,  
Speed them straight with aim unerring,  
Bearing death to deer and panther,  
Bearing death to wolf and eagle,  
Bearing death, with aim unerring,  
To the heart of foe and rival.  
Stronger than the oak in winter,  
Straighter than the pine and cedar,  
Mightier than the furious tempest,  
Am I — *Wau-ban-i* — the Fire-brand,  
Chief of thrice two hundred lodges,  
Brave and strong and straight and mighty —  
Ugh! that's me! that's me! — Big Injun!

*Tom.* Well, I must say, Mr. *Wau-ban-i*, you are just about the most modest man I've ever seen. So unassuming and retiring!

*Harry.* Say! were you ever a small boy, Mr. Fire-brand?

*Tom.* How is it there are so few now, if you were really so very terrible!

*Indian.* When the pale-face rode the water  
On his birds with giant pinions,  
With his tubes that sent out lightning  
And his drink of fire-water, —  
Then, the red-man, turning westward,  
Interviewed the setting sun-light.

(*Steps back.*)

*Harry.* Well, that's rather a neat way of putting it. [*Enter Spaniard — pompously.*] Hey — oh! Who's this?

*Spaniard:*

With Christopher Columbus from Palos did I sail,  
Bearing high Spain's glorious banner, in my gleaming coat-of-mail.

From the shores of Hispanola, fairest gem of southern sea,  
To the sunny Land of Flowers roamed I, gallant, brave and free,  
Claiming all the lands before us, all the islands of the main,  
For Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of mighty Spain.  
Over river, plain and forest in our triumph did we go,  
Hunting heretics in Cuba, gathering gold in Mexico;  
Founding empires in fancy, — builded in a fertile brain —  
Bringing all the worlds before us to the crown of Sovereign  
Spain!

*Tom.* Only you didn't, Don Magnifico!

*Harry.* Say! what was your name when you had one?

*Spaniard:*

Don Hemando Pedro Pablo Cristoval di Farragon.

Benito Santa Maria, Knight of Fons in Arragon.

*Tom.* Whew!

*Lucy.* Did your mamma call you *all* that when you were a little teenty tonty mite of a baby?

*Harry.* Why, Nannie, his name was Maria! How could that be? That's a girl's name.

*Jennie.* Oh, well, I suppose they got sort of mixed up when they were naming him and forgot all about that.

(*Pocahontas appears at rear of stage.*)

*Lucy.* Oh, my! see there, Jennie! I know that's Pocahontas, the darling, sweet little Indian girl.

*Pocahontas:*

In many a glade  
Where sun and shade  
Make fair the happy land,  
Where broad and slow  
The rivers flow,  
My father's lodges stand.  
The mighty chieftain, Pow-hat-tan,  
Of strong and sovereign hand.



A forest child,  
Untaught and wild,  
I loved each tree and flower ;  
While each new day  
I roamed at play,  
Made happy every hour ;  
And ruled my father, Pow-hat-tan,  
With an imperial power.

The pale-face came,  
My father's name  
And mighty power feared ;  
I stood their friend  
Until the end,  
When war the hatchet reared,  
And made my father, Pow-hat-tan,  
Spare Mr. Smith — I did. •

The white-man's snare  
( But — I don't — care ) .  
My poor, poor heart laid low,  
For, when HE came  
I changed my name,  
And — really — liked it so.  
And Pocahontas Pow-hat-tan  
Is Mrs. Rolfe, you know.

( *Steps back.* )

*Lucy.* Oh, Jennie! Wouldn't we like to have been Indian girls and lived out among the birds and the flowers all the time?

*Harry.* And got jolly and frost-bitten and nearly frozen in the winter-time! hey, Lucy?

*Lucy.* Oh — well — only in summer, I mean.

( *Dutchman walks stolidly in, looks at all the people and starts as if in surprise.* )

*Tom.* Hey, Harry! look at the Dutchman!

*Dutchman:*

Potz und tansend! Donner blitzen!  
Was is das? I'd like to know?  
Vot you do here all you beobles  
Dot vos mein owen blace — dot's so!  
I coomed here mit Heindrik Hoodson  
In dot good old ship Halluf-Moon.  
Mit mein bipe unt mit mein pretzels  
Mit mein lager and bassoon.  
Und I had von pig Dootch varm-hans  
In der Bourie — dot vos me!  
Built mit bricks I brought on purpose  
From dot far off Zuyder-Zee.  
Vot's my *name*? mein liddle kinder?  
Meinherr Deidrich Vanderschamm  
Of — vot you call New York City,  
Und *I* calls New Amsterdam.

*Harry.* And what became of *you*, Mr. Vanderschamm? Did you go off with Henry Hudson too?

*Dutchman:*

I vos *now* yoost oop dot river,  
Vere dose Kaatskill mountains schmile,  
Und — mit goot old Heindrik Hoodson,  
I blays nine pins — all der vile.

*Tom.* Why, then you must be one of the parties Washington Irving tells about. He says you put Rip Van Winkle to sleep, up there, for ever so long.

*Dutchman:*

Dot vas meinherr Rip Van Wrinkle?  
Lazy vellar so I hears —  
Dot vos so, we yoost schky-yoogled  
Him to sleep, for sevansay years.

(*Steps aside. Enter Priscilla the Puritan and the Quaker.*)

*Lucy.* Oh, Jennie, who *do* you suppose that sweet little woman is? Isn't she prim!

*Jennie.* I don't know, I'm sure, Lucy—unless she is one of the girls who came over in the Mayflower.

*Lucy.* But *she* can't be a Pilgrim *Father*.

*Harry.* And just look at that little Quaker man.

*Tom.* He must be one of William Penn's party.

*Priscilla:*

Where angry waves in fury lashed  
A rock-bound, stormy land,  
Where, stern and cold, the wintry skies  
Hung o'er the Pilgrim band,  
We stood that dark December day  
And blessed the new-found sod  
That gave us what our home denied—  
Freedom to worship God.  
With Bradford and Miles Standish bold,  
I, in the Mayflower, came—  
A maiden of the Puritans,  
Priscilla is my name.

*Quaker:*

And I, from persecution dire,  
From English home did go,  
And, sailing westward, came with Penn  
To where, green-banked and low,  
The Schuylkill and the Delaware  
Down to the ocean flow.  
And there, between the kindred streams,  
A quiet home I found,  
Where from the Indians I bought  
A plot of fertile ground.

*Priscilla:*

And where John Alden made *our* home  
Beside the sounding sea,  
From Plymouth up to Boston Bay,  
And westward, where the forests lay,  
Now, in this later, busy day,  
Cities and towns there be.

*Fennie.* Oh, yes, Priscilla, it's all built up 'way back — *ever* so far. My grandfather lives at Taunton, and that is a *big* city.

*Tom.* And as for your plot of ground between the Schuylkill and the Delaware — why — that's an *awful* big city, almost as big as New York.

*Harry.* Yes ; that's where they had the Centennial last year, and everybody in the world was there. I was there, anyhow.

*Quaker :*

Ah, yes! By Delaware's bright waves,  
By Schuylkill's field and fen,  
Great squares of brick and marble spread,  
Where once my cottage reared its head,  
And countless throngs of workers tread  
The lands of William Penn.

*(The roll of a drum is heard. Continental Soldier appears at rear of stage with gun at 'shoulder arms.' He gives the salute, marches to front of stage and 'presents arms;' then stands at 'parade rest.' Drum continues to beat during the movements attending his entrance.)*

*Continental Soldier :*

I helped the boys on Bowling Green  
Pull the King's statue down ;  
I raised the shout,  
And joined the rout,  
That fired this loyal town.

I fought the Red-coats all the years, —  
Through which, 'midst wavering hopes and fears,  
That baptism of blood and tears

Our nation did anoint —  
With Washington at Trenton Plains,  
And Wayne at Stony Point.

I strove to make the Red-coats yield  
On many a well-contested field,  
In many a bitter fight ;  
I felt the ills of Valley Forge  
In sorrow's dismal night ;  
Till Yorktown's Day  
Drove fear away,  
And crowned the cause of Right.

(Steps aside.)

*Harry.* Three cheers for you! Hurrah!

*Tom.* I tell you now he's just splendid, ain't he?

(Enter Mrs. Robert Murray, who advances to front and makes a low courtesy.)

*Lucy.* Oh, just see there, Jennie; what a charming little lady!

*Tom.* She is one of the ladies of a hundred years ago, whom you said *you* would like to see.

*Jennie.* What a lovely dress! And see, her hair *is* all powdered. I wonder who she is?

*Mrs. Murray:*

Our homestead stood 'midst pleasant fields,  
Where now the builder's skill  
Block after block of palaces  
Has reared on Murray Hill.  
The Murray mansion was my home,  
And Murray was my name,  
And there one day, in hot pursuit,  
The British army came.  
The General, Sir William Howe,  
In haste was pressing on  
Where Washington's retreating force  
Across the hills had gone.  
But I was rebel to the core,  
And vowed to do my part  
To save the General, who was dear  
To every patriot heart.  
With smiling words and pleasant talk,  
And table richly spread,  
I kept the British officers,  
While fast the moments sped;  
With anxious heart  
I played my part,



And, when they galloped on,  
My brief delay  
Had won the day,  
For Washington was gone.

*Jennie.* Oh! *what* a brave little woman! And did not General Washington thank you ever so much?

*Mrs. Murray:*

Oh, yes, my dear;  
He journeyed here  
One day, in after years,  
And took my hand  
With words *so* grand  
He called forth happy tears.  
And with him came —  
*You* know his name —  
Ah, me! I hear it yet,  
Our country's friend,  
Whom France did send,  
The Marquis Lafayette.

(*Steps aside.*)

*Jennie.* How I *should* like to have been there. I do *so* love that dear Lafayette, don't you, Tom?

*Tom.* Yes *ma'am*! I think he was a regular brick.

*Harry.* Now, who comes next?

(*Drum heard again. Soldier of 1812 enters with same military manœuvres as the Centinental Soldier.*)

*Lucy.* Oh, *another* soldier!

*Soldier of 1812:*

When Miss Columbia was young,  
Some sixty years ago,  
Her mother — Dame Britannia —  
Her power tried to show,  
By bothering Miss Columbia  
About her ships, you know.

But Miss Columbia would not stand  
Such wicked conduct then ;  
She stood her ground courageously  
And summoned all her men,  
Who taught old Dame Britannia  
To keep the peace again.

And I was with Columbia's men  
When fast the bullets flew,  
With Gen. Scott, at Lundy's Lane,  
With Perry's gallant crew,  
And down behind the cotton balls  
With General Jackson, too.

(*Steps aside.*)

*Harry and Tom :*

"The army and Navy forever,  
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

(*A great scuffling is heard outside — then enter Columbia with flag, driving or dragging in the Boy in Blue and the Boy in Gray — both much disheveled.*)

*Columbia :*

You *naughty* boys! I'm quite *ashamed*,  
I'm *pained*, I do declare!  
To find you so, with doubled fists  
And *such* disordered hair.  
How *many* times must I repeat  
The lesson you should know —  
Those little lines I taught you both  
So many years ago!

(*Shakes her finger at them.*)

"Let dogs delight  
To bark and bite,  
For 'tis their nature to ;  
Let bears and lions  
Growl and fight,

For God has made them so ;  
But, children, *you* should never let  
Your angry passions rise,  
Your little hands were *never* made  
To tear each other's eyes."

Now tell me what the reason is  
For this *disgraceful* thing ?  
And promise me, from this day forth,  
There'll be no quarreling.

( *The Boy in Blue and Boy in Gray speak alternately.* )

*Boy in Blue.* We've had a slight unpleasantness,

*Boy in Gray.* In fact — we've had a row,

*Boy in Blue.* But *why* it was, and *how* it was —

( *They both look at each other, shake their heads and speak together.* ) Well, we won't say just now.

*Boy in Blue.* For, don't you see, we've made it up,

*Boy in Gray.* And, shaking hands, agree

*Boy in Blue.* That from this day we'll live in peace,

*Boy in Gray.* From strife and passion free.

*Boy in Blue.* For it was such an *awful* row

*Boy in Gray.* ( A rough-and-tumble fight )

*Boy in Blue.* That, when we both were tired out,

*Boy in Gray.* We thought it wasn't right.

*Boy in Blue.* And so we promised, while our hearts were  
beating fast,

*Boy in Gray.* Henceforth to be as brothers, both,  
And bury up the past.

( *Turning to Columbia.* )

*Boy in Blue.* And thou, Columbia, here the vow

*Boy in Gray.* Which we renew to-day.

( *They join hands.* )

*Boy in Blue.* Hand clasping hand,

*Boy in Gray.* We'll live as one,

*Boy in Blue.* The Boys in Blue

*Boy in Gray.* And Gray !

( *Columbia places the flag between them so that its folds cover them both.* )

*Columbia :*

That's right ! that's right ! my bonny boys.  
Let History relate,  
In records true, the vow which you  
This day perpetuate.  
And oh, my children — one and all —  
To you Columbia speaks !  
Preserve her honor, guard her cause,  
And give the love she seeks:

*(Reaches her hands to the historical characters.)*

O Shadows of the fading Past, .

*(Turns toward the children.)*

O Hope, that is to be,  
Still let your deeds, like crowns of light,  
Wreath and encircle me.  
Advance your country's power and might,  
Her honor and her laws,  
Till all the nations of the earth  
Respect her sacred cause.  
Let free America uphold  
These truths, all else above:  
Man's universal brotherhood,  
And God's unchanging love !

*The characters all form a half circle. History advances with  
Columbia to the front of the stage and slowly waves her wand.)*

*History :*

The dream is over.  
Vanish now, ye memories of the Past !  
And, children of the Future,  
Let this recollection last ;  
Remember too that History seeks  
To store your minds with light,  
That you, by knowledge of the past,  
May read life's book aright.  
And to your country, when the years  
Shall link you to her fate,  
Be true and loyal, knowing well  
What makes a *perfect* State ; —  
Not forts, nor ships, nor armed hosts,  
Nor gold, nor titles grand,  
But true hearts beating for the Right,  
God, and your native land !

*(Music, Hail Columbia, as they pass off, or as the curtain falls.)*

# MADemoiselle's CHRISTMAS GIFTS

BY MARY GRAHAM.

---

MADemoiselle, *who teaches French in various schools and homes.*

MINNIE, *one of her pupils, a child about six years of age.*

ELLEN, MARY, SUSAN, SOPHY and GERTRUDE, *her pupils in Miss Tabby's School.*

BENJAMIN, *a private pupil, a lad of about "fifteen summers."*

FANNY, *daughter of the lady with whom M'LE boards. She is devoted to M'LE.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*A school-room deserted by all but the French teacher and a very small girl. M'LE is seated at her desk, while the little one comes toward her, heavily laden with a parcel almost as large as herself.*

*Minnie.* Mama'selle —

*M'le.* Ma petite ?

*Minnie.* Here's a present that —

*M'le.* O ! parlez Français, petite ; "voici un cadeau."

*Minnie.* Voici un cadeau de Noël pour vous —

*M'le (with a start).* Un cadeau de Noël ? pour moi ? Mais ma chère enfant, il y a trois semaines d'ici à Noël.

*Minnie.* Oui. Je le sais — mois j'avais peur de le — de le — O ! j'oublie le mot, — j'avais peur de les — to break them —

*M'le.* De les casser ?

*Minnie.* Merci ! de les casser, si je les gardais si longtemps



et je préfère vous les donner maintenant, c'est une paire de vases.

*Mlle (opening the package).* O ! le joli cadeau ! je vous remercie mille fois — surtout de l'attention. (*Throws her arms around MINNIE'S neck and kisses her. After examining the vases and admiring them, she wraps them up again, and kisses MINNIE good-by. Exit MINNIE, with a satisfied smile upon her face.*)

*Mlle (alone.)* Des vases ! des vases ! toujours des vases ! Ces enfants auront, elles jamais l'idée de me donner autre chose que des vases à Noël ? L'année dernière, j'en ai reçu une douzaine — c'en est trop — eh bien ! J'aime ces enfants, et leur aimable attention me fait plaiser, mais je préférerais ne pas toujours recevoir, des vases. Ce sont les derniers cette année j'espère ; allons donc ! pourquoi me plaindre ? si je deviens jamais trop âgée pour enseigner, je pourrai avoir un magasin de Faïence alors J'aurai assez de brimborions pour monter boutique. (*She dresses herself for the street, and walks out, carrying the package in her arms.*)

## SCENE II.

*A bed-room in a boarding-house. M'LE alone, reading or studying. Enter FANNY, with a joyous expression upon her face, and something in her hand, which she holds behind her back.*

*Fanny.* Just guess what I have for you ! (*She pirouettes on one foot, as if hardly able to contain herself.*)

*Mlle.* I have never guessed something in my life.

*Fanny.* I'm so glad to have the pleasure of bringing it to you, and I'll not keep you in suspense any longer. (*She hands M'LE a letter.*)

*Mlle.* O, a letter ! (*She starts up joyously, then her countenance falls, as she examines the envelope.*) But not from home — not from France !

*Fanny.* O, I am so sorry ! But I might have known that by the thick paper and that big writing.

*Mlle* (her face brightening as she kisses FANNY'S disconsolate one). Never mind you, ma chère, it will come, my letter, before Christmas. I am sure of it. (She breaks open the envelope, in an indifferent manner, and reads:)

*Mlle.* O, it is from one scholar I had when first I did come to America, and she does send me a present; it will be at the office — your Adams' Company. I am to go down for it or send a boy — what can it be, I would like to be told? O! here is a P. S. on the other side (reads). "Be sure and send a careful person — it will be easily broken."

*Fanny.* I wonder what it is. I will go down for it with pleasure, if you will trust me, and I will be so careful.

*Mlle* (laughing heartily.) I feel sure what it will be — to be so delicat — it must be either china or glass — and they never do send anything of that to a person who is not married, except — can I say it? I do feel it must be that — except vases, Fanny, vases! Just think of the atrocity, do you say?

*Fanny* (laughing). I believe you are becoming morbid on the subject. It might be a thousand other things besides vases —

*Mlle.* Yes — it might be — if it was concerning any soul but me — but you know — I have travel, and I know the world by this time, and my heart tells me it is more vase (plaintively).

*Fanny.* Well, do you want them, or will you leave them at the office for "old hoss"?

*Mlle* "Old hoss" And pray will you tell me what is "old hoss"?

*Fanny.* Well, you know there are hundreds of things sent by Adams' Express Company, whose owners are not to be found and these things cannot be delivered, and so they are kept for a certain length of time and then sold. The clerks call them "old hoss," though I don't know why.

*Mlle* (laughing). That is very funny, but I cannot let my present so "delicat" stay long in company with the "old horses" — it would hurt my friend if she knew; but I hope there will be nothing on it to pay, for you know I must save all I can.

*Fanny (heartily.)* Yes, indeed! but I don't think there will be. She would surely pay for it in advance: and I hope it is not vases.

*M'lle.* Je ne le sais que trop — I mean, I know but too well

[EXIT FANNY.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*The same.* M'LE and FANNY chatting cosily, while each is busy with her sewing or fancy-work.

*Fanny.* It really is becoming ridiculous — two pairs already, and Christmas nearly two weeks off. I should think they would try and find out what you would like to have before they spend their money.

*M'lle.* One would think so; but I become resigned. No! I will not give up so soon to the china-shop *destinee*. I will make one more effort — for the girls of Mees Tabby's school, if they do not take the hint, they are not girls of sense.

(FANNY looks at her *ingutringly*, and with much interest.)

*M'lle.* You know I do need much a new umbrella; that one of mine is — well, so *shabby* as you do say here; but a new one is costing too much for me just now. I will take it every day to the school, and give them a chance to look well at it. If they then do give me a pair of vases instead of the nice, useful umbrella, which would not cost any more, then — eh bien! I will yes, I must, resign myself to the china shop.

*Fanny.* If somebody could only give them a *hint*.

*M'lle.* And do you not think that hint enough broad! It would be in *France*, I know, where we do not be spending out money on useless toys, if at the same time we are needing something for every day.

*Fanny.* O! if we could only go to France together!

*M'lle.* Ma chere ! America is very nice — very nice indeed, if there were not so many, many vase. But we will see, we two, what my old umbrella will do before Christmas. I will give it many flourish before then — and if that do not succeed —

*Fanny.* We'll go to France together, and set up a china shop.

### EXEUNT.

### SCENE II.

*A large school-room. In the front is a class of five girls ELLEN, SUSAN, SOPHY, MARY and GERTRUDE, waiting for their teacher. M'LE enters hurriedly, her umbrella in hand. The latter she hangs on the edge of her desk, immediately in front of the girls, and then proceeds with the lesson.*

*M'lle.* Quelle est votre leçon aujourd'hui, Elène ?

*Ellen:* Nous avons trois verbes de la première conjugaison ; parler, donner, et marcher.

*M'lle.* Marie, veuillez me conjuguer le verbe parler, à tous les temps simples ?

*MARY conjugates, with one or two mistakes, which the teacher corrects. The lesson on this verb may be continued ad libitum according to the ability of the girls.*

*M'lle.* Maintenant, donner — conjuguez donner, et ajoutez un complément direct, parce que c'est un verbe transitif.

*Susan,* Oui, M'lle — je donne un cadeau — tu donne un cadeau — il donne un cadeau — Pluriel, nous donnons un cadeau, vous donnez un cadeau, ils donnent un cadeau.

*M'lle.* Très bien — continuez Sophie — je don — ”

*Sophy, ( in a squeaking kind of a voice ).* Je donnais un cadeau.

*M'lle ( interrupting her )* Mais il faut avoir un peu de variété dans vos compléments — je donnais — ne pouvez-vous penser à autre chose qui à cadeau ?

*Sophia.* Non M'lle — I can't think — je ne puis pas penser.

*M'lle.* Elène — avez-vous un peu plus d'imagination ? voy-

ons : je donnais —

*Ellen (eagerly and looking directly at the umbrella).* Oui, M'lle ; je donnais un parapluie, tu donnais un parapluie etc.

*M'lle (Foyously)* à la bonne heure ! mais autre chose maintenant : Gertrude, je donnai —

*Gertrude.* Je donnai un vase —

*M'lle.* Non, non, non — plus de vases — nous préférons le parapluie — je donnai —

*Sophy.* Je donnai un parapluie, tu donnas un parapluie etc.

*M'lle.* Vous pouvez conjuguer la reste du verbe avec la même complément, s'il vous plaît, il est très à propos.

*(The bell sounds, and the girls rise to change classes: M'lle opening out her umbrella gives it a shake, moving it up and down on the handle and giving a full view of the holes with which it is almost filled.)*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.

*A room gaudily furnished, with every appearance of wealth, but none of culture: a tall awkward boy of fifteen, or thereabouts, is busily arranging a pair of majolica vases, packing them in a box and talking meanwhile to himself.*

*Benjamin.* I do hope she will like them — but I am afraid not, for I never *can* do anything to please her ; but she ought to like these, they *cost* such an *awful* lot — but here she comes, and I do want to surprise her with them.

*(He hides them in a cabinet and then stands awkwardly behind a chair.)*

ENTER M'LE.

*M'lle.* Bon jour, Benjamin — il fait bien froid, aujourd'hui.

*Benjamin, (with an atrocious accent).* Bon jour, M'lle — I can't say the rest if you want me to.

*M'lle (smiling),* Oh ! no, I did only want to say it is very cold to-day.



*Benjamin (a little more at ease)* Oh! I might have known that was it if I had only thought a minute, and I think I would, if you hadn't gone so much like a steam-engine—but won't you come to the register and get warm? and let me take your umbrella—I'd like to know what anyone would want with an umbrella on such a day as this?

*M'lle.* Oh! they have more than one of uses (*smiling as she hands it to him*)

*Benjamin.* Yes—I believe some folks *do* use them to keep them steady when it's slippery

*M'lle.* Avez vous bien préparé votre leçon?

*Benjamin.* I know that's something about lesson—but I thought it was too near Christmas to be pouring over books and besides—

*M'lle.* Eh bien!

*Benjamin.* Mother and I have both come to the conclusion I had better learn American before I attempt French.

*M'lle.* Comment? vous n'êtes pas un sauvage?

*Benjamin.* Oh! talk American, won't you—there's no use in my trying to learn such gibberish.

*M'lle (laughing).* I see it is not of more use to speak to you French, you will not learn ever until you go to France—you love not to study and you think there is not a use for you to waste your time and money this way any more.

*Benjamin.* You've about hit the nail on the head this time. You know the quarter is up to-day—and—there's not much sense in commencing another, but I want you to accept a parting present from me, you've been so jolly kind, though I dare say you have scolded me sometimes, when I did not know it.

(*He goes over to the cabinet and draws forth the package, and hands it to his teacher.*)

*M'lle.* Oh! a thousand thanks: (*while he opens it her face is a mixture of curiosity and drollery, but when he produces the vases, she limits her remarks to a language which he cannot understand.*)

*M'lle.* Mille remerciements mon garçon—ce n'est que la troisième paire que j'ai reçue pour Noël; il aurait mieux valu, m'acheter un parapluie mais enfin, c'est amiable tout le même; à cheval donné, on ne regarde pas à la bride.

EXEUNT.

SCENE II.

M'LE and FANNY, *sewing and chatting.*

M'le. I cannot think to-morrow is Christmas — it is so soon, this year.

Fanny. Oh! it always seems that way: at least, it does to me. I never get half of my presents finished in time: but you have not told me what the girls of Miss Tabby's school gave you, though I knew it was not an umbrella, un parapluie as you call it. (*She glances over at the old umbrella, which occupies a prominent place in the room.*)

M'le. Oh! ma chère enfant — I took for those girls all the minutes — they did give me nothing yesterday — they will bring it — their committeee, they call themselves, I believe — but my heart says it will be no umbrella for me — no! vases are in the air, I think — it will be vases, I fear me, but we will see.

(*A knock at the door. Enter ELLEN, SOPHY, SUSAN, MARY and GERTRUDE, bearing among them a heavy package. M'LE casts a half despairing, half triumphant glance at FANNY and says in a low tone: "Pas de parapluie —"*)

Ellen. Nous sommes venues — oh! Please, I can't say it in French, and I have forgotten all that pretty speech.

M'le. Ça ne me fait rien ma chère; je suis bien de vous voir: veuiliez vous asseoir.

Sophy. Oh! please, won't you talk English to us just this once? it isn't in school, you know, and I think you talk it so pretty.

M'le. I would wish it were — what do you say *correct*, more than pretty: well, yes, I will be kind for once: we will speak English, now, but just this one time.

Sophy (*aside to Gertrude*) "one time:" don't that sound cute?

(*Mary nudges Ellen and looks significantly at the mysterious package.*)

Ellen. Oh! Then I may tell you in English — but — but I studied it in French, and can't remember it any other way —

nous sommes venue — we have come (*whispers to herself*) to give you our present of Christmas — but (*here she speaks quickly, and not as if reciting a lesson*), but they couldn't all come, because we knew there wouldn't be room for all of us — but they all helped to pay for it, and *we* are the committee: (*looking very important*).

*Mlle* Oh! you are the committee — what a sweet kind committee you are — and am I to look at the present now, or wait to-morrow?

*Ellen*. Whichever you choose — but I think it is nicer not to know what you are going to get until the very day — so I would not open it until to-morrow, if you can wait that long; and you can tell us on the day school commences again, whether you like it then.

*Mlle*, (*aside*, “Then!”) Very well, my dear, and now you must take, each of you, some piece of the cake Miss Fanny was so kind to make for me — and I thank you all for the kind thought of me, to bring me around this heavy present. (*She passes around a plate of cake, and the girls eat.*)

*Ellen*. We must go, now, *Mlle*, and we all wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

EXEUNT ELLEN, MARY, SOPHY, GERTRUDE and SUSAN.

*Mlle*, (*opening the package*). What have I tell you, Fanny, my dear? (*holding up a vase*) pas de parapluie pour moi et rien de sens non plus — toujours des vases, des vases! (*displays a pair of handsome vases*) oh! those dear children, they are so sweet, and I do love them — more may-bee, than I would love if they had more what you call common sense — but I think it *not* very common in America.

*Fanny*, Please don't say that, though it is no wonder you think so — but shall I bring you the rest of your vases?

*Mlle*. If you will be so kind, and I will commence already my new vocation. (*She arranges the vases, six in all, in a circle on the floor, and seating herself in the center, raises her old umbrella*). Now we are all ready for our china shop.

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

# AMERICA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

## A CENTENNIAL OPERETTA.

BY GEO. B. BARTLETT.

---

AMERICA, *blue waist trimmed with gilt paper stars, skirt made of flags; a pointed crown of blue paper with golden star. She stands upon a table draped with flags, and leans with her left hand upon a tall staff surmounted by a liberty-cap. The other characters stand in a semi-circle around her. Each advances to the centre as she speaks or sings, and kneels before AMERICA and presents her gift, then retires to her place. AMERICA acknowledges each present, which she places on a small table at her side.*

INDUSTRY, *long brown robe. Gift, horn of plenty.*

AGRICULTURE, *long green robe. Gift, sheaf of wheat.*

ELECTRICITY, *long red robe. Gift, coil of wire.*

SCIENCE, *long black robe. Gift, a map.*

WEALTH, *long yellow robe. Gift, casket of jewels.*

LITERATURE, *dark blue robe. Gift, roll of manuscript.*

COMMERCE, *light blue robe, trimmed with cotton wadding. Gift, a ship.*

INTEGRITY, *long white robe. She presents no gift.*

*All join in singing, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," this opening chorus :*

A hundred years have swiftly rolled in endless round away,  
Since our beloved country first beheld the light of day ;  
And now we bring as birthday gifts our choicest treasures here,  
To celebrate the glorious Fourth, and this Centennial year.

*America.*

Beloved ones ! with joy I see your smiling faces here,  
And listen to your full report of each progressive year.  
Stand forth and tell what each has done, my children strong and  
true, —  
Industry ! as your time is short, suppose we hear from you.

*Industry.*

Where the primeval forest stood, a thousand cities rise ;  
Ten thousand churches upward point in warning to the skies ;  
Millions of looms are weaving fast, with tireless, rapid hands ;  
Railroads now bind the continent with solid iron bands.

*Agriculture.*

I've made the howling wilderness to blossom as the rose ;  
Where once the sand blew hot and fierce, the wheat now freely  
grows ;  
And cattle, from the western plains, go forth in herds, to feed  
The hungry poor in distant lands, wherever there is need.

*Electricity.*

I've placed a girdle round the world, and underneath the deep ;  
Without regard to time or space, from pole to pole I leap ;  
The darkest places of the world now shine with flashing light,  
And, more than all of this, in truth, I've learned to read and  
write.

*Science.*

All things on earth and in the air I measure, small and great ;  
The orbits of the starry hosts with ease I calculate ;  
I heal the sick, and teach the wise, and banish every pain ;  
And things that seemed a useless waste I bring to use again.



*Wealth.*

From California's golden shore to realms of crystal ice,  
The nations multiply their gains by taking my advice ;  
Your bonds are known in every land, and treasured near and  
far,  
And by the next Centennial year your bills may be at par.

*Literature.*

New books are published every day, some worthy of the name ;  
Our authors now in foreign lands are slowly getting fame ;  
Our magazines are wide awake, the children's joy and pride ;  
Our schools the best the sun can see in all his journey wide.

*Commerce.*

Our flag now floats in every breeze, our prows all waves divide ;  
Our goods are sent to every land, and scattered far and wide ;  
We gather gems from Afric's shores, where golden torrents roll,  
And oil from where the freezing waves defend the northern  
pole.

*America.*

I hear with joy your welcome words of faithful duty done,  
But in your noble company I see a silent one.  
Approach, my dearest, purest child, and fearlessly proclaim  
The progress made by honest truth, the best-enduring fame.

*Integrity.*

Alas! I sadly must confess my labors are in vain, —  
For public men too often fall before the greed of gain ;  
The thirst for fame has been too much for many a noble soul,  
And self, of many a patriot heart, has gained the full control.

*America.*

With sorrow and distress I hear this story, sad, but true, —  
But next Centennial year shall be a brighter one for you ;

The faithless ones shall bow in dust before your warning voice,  
And our next set of public men shall make your heart rejoice.

*All kneel before AMERICA and sing the closing chorus.*

We hail the age of truth and right, when patriots shall be  
Like those of old, from selfish aims and low ambitions free ;  
And truth and progress onward go, forever hand in hand,  
And our beloved country make the greatest, purest land.

NOTE. These verses can be spoken, if preferred, singing only the opening  
and closing chorus.

# TELL-TALE.

A CHARADE IN THREE SCENES.

BY G. B. BARTLETT.

---

## SCENE I.

TELL. (*A Historical Burlesque.*)

*A small boy sits upon a sofa, covered with a red shawl to represent a throne; on his head he wears a gilt paper crown, and holds a dust-brush in his right hand as a sceptre. Six guards surround the throne, each holding some domestic weapon, such as broom, shovel or tongs, and all have shawls draped over their left shoulders.*

Gessler. Bring forth the prisoner!

*The guards go out and bring in a very small boy, dressed like the others, with his hands tied tightly behind his back.*

Gessler. Your name?

Tell. Tell.

Gessler. I told you to tell.

Tell. I told you it is Tell.

Gessler. Are you ready for your sentence?

Tell. Yes; if it is a short one.

Gessler. Bring forth his son.

*Two other guards go out for a very large boy, who sits down on the sofa by the side of Gessler.*

Gessler. Son, rise!

*The boy gets up and stands with folded hands.*

*Gessler.* Having long desired to see your wondrous skill in drawing the long bow, I will grant you life and liberty if you will shoot an apple from his head. I have chosen a little one as his head is small, so you can choose your mark !

*The guards place a large cabbage on the son's head, and lead him to the end of the room. Tell is unbound, a bow is put into his hands, and a single arrow, which he breaks, and calls for more. He selects one, and conceals a second in his vest pocket. After putting on a pair of spectacles he shoots; the boy shakes his head and the cabbage falls.*

*TELL embraces his son; the arrow falls from his pocket.*

*Gessler.* Archest of archers ! why was this concealed ?

*Tell.* To slay you, tyrant, had I slain my boy !

*TELL fires at GESSLER, and escapes, pursued by all.*

## SCENE II.

TALE. (*A Historical Legend.*)

*A party of children enter and arrange themselves around an arm-chair in a graceful group. A little GIRL says: "Now I will go and beg grandpa to tell you a story." She then goes out and soon returns, leading an old man, whom she places tenderly in the chair. She then says: "Now, grandpa, we are all ready;" and the old man begins, slowly at first, but gradually warming up with his subject, as follows:*

"My dear little ones ! I will tell you a true incident of the first battle of the war which made us free and independent, in the very words in which I have so often heard it from the lips of my dear mother. In the year 1770 two brothers carried on a small farm in the north part of the town of Concord. They were of nearly the same age, and grew up in the most perfect harmony until the elder was twenty-two years of age and his brother two years younger, when the quiet of their simple lives was disturbed by the arrival of a family from Boston, who purchased a large farm bordering on the river meadows. One of the members of the household was a beautiful maiden of eighteen, who had been educated in England, where she had acquired a taste for coquetry, and a desire for the admiration of all who came across her path. The honest farmer boys, beholding for

the first time so much loveliness, were completely fascinated, and they little thought the object of their affections was capable of treating both alike with the marks of her preference. One summer evening the elder brother determined to offer his heart and hand to the fair lady, and was hastening to meet her by appointment at a secluded spot by the river-bank. Hearing voices he crept up slowly through the thicket of grape-vines, and taking off his hat gazed earnestly through the thick branches. What was his surprise to see his brother in the most earnest conversation with his beloved, who seemed listening with delight to his impassioned language. Filled with rage and despair he hurried away, seeking only to tear himself from the presence of his love, and the sight of his brother's happiness. The next morning found him at Boston, where he enlisted in the regiment which was on the point of returning home to England. His hat having been found on the river-bank, he was long mourned as dead by his brother, who finally married the young lady. On the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, the younger brother left his young wife, and assembled with the minute men, of which company he was a member. At nine o'clock he was stationed on Buttrick's Hill, and marched boldly to the defence of the Old North Bridge, where Capt. Davis, the first martyr, fell. Madened by the sight, the brave farmers pursued the retreating soldiers down the Lexington road, firing from behind walls and trees, in the style which they had learned in the old Indian wars. Foremost among the patriot band was our hero, whose trusty rifle seldom missed its aim. After five miles of this exciting warfare he came around a house just in time to see a British soldier approaching. Lifting his gun he remarked: "You are a dead man!" "So are you!" replied the Briton, and both fired at the same instant, and fell, mortally wounded. The British soldier drew himself near an old well which was between them, and both approached to slake their dying thirst. What was their horror at recognizing each other when it was too late! The two brothers embraced, but, alas! it was the embrace of death. The next day they were buried in the same grave, to which they were followed by the heart-broken wife.

*The children seem much interested in the story, and follow the old man, who is led out by the little girl.*



### SCENE III.

#### TELL-TALE ; OR, THE OLD-FASHIONED QUILTING-PARTY.

*Six or eight girls in old-fashioned caps, kerchiefs, high combs and old dresses, with white aprons, sit around a bed-quilt rolled over two poles, and supported on chairs.*

*Miss Smith.* I tell you, ladies, Mrs. Johnson ought to be turned out of the society, for they say she steals everything she can, and rejoices in it, too !

*Mrs. Lewis.* Now, Miss Smith, I think you ought to be careful how you tell such stories about her. I am sure she appears very well, always. Perhaps you have been misinformed, or exaggerate a little without intention.

*Miss Smith.* Exaggerate ! how you talk ! I shouldn't wonder if you thought I was deaf ! Miss Brown told me all about it, her own self.

*Miss Brown.* Now, Miss Smith, you know I did not say all that ! I said I heard Miss Jones say that she did not think it wrong to steal, if you wanted to.

*Miss Jones.* You ought to be ashamed, Miss Brown ! I only said she must be watched, for I feared her principles were weak on the side of accumulation, for she did not disapprove of it by any means, as Miss Smart says.

*Miss Smart.* I never did ! I only said Miss Prim said she knew Mrs. Johnson loved to take what did not belong to her.

*Miss Prim.* Now, ladies, all I ever said was that Miss Chief said she heard her say so herself.

*Miss Chief.* Ladies, in order to see how a story would grow, I did say that I heard Mrs. Johnson say, over and over again, that she loved to "steal," which is quite true ; for I heard her practicing a hymn, and she kept singing, "I love to steal ! I love to steal !" more than a dozen times before she was satisfied to finish the line : "I love to steal awhile away."

*Mrs. Lewis.* Now, ladies, you can see how a very great matter will come from very small beginnings, and let us all beware how we spread any story without being careful to ascertain whether it has any foundation in fact. But tea is ready, so let us all go out to use our mouths to a better purpose.

[*Curtain falls.*]

# BUOYANT.

A DICKENS CHARADE IN THREE SCENES.

BY MRS. LUCIA CHASE BELL.

---

## SCENE I.

BOY (*from Nicholas Nickleby*).

MR. NICKLEBY, *a grim lawyer, dressed in black.*

MR. SQUEERS, *rather a portly man, with trowsers too short for him, and a rusty coat; wears a huge goggle over one eye to give him a one-eyed appearance.*

WACKFORD, *his little son, well stuffed out with wadding and pillows, to make him look fat. Short trowsers and round-about.*

MR. NICKLEBY *is in his office at desk. Enter MR. SQUEERS.*

*Mr. N. (looking up startled).* Why, this is a surprise! I should know your face, Mr. Squeers.

*Mr. Squeers.* Ah! And you'd have known it better, sir, if it hadn't been for all that I've been a-going through. (*Speaking to NICKLEBY'S servant outside*). Just lift that little boy off the tall stool in the back office, will you? O! he's lifted himself off. (*Enter WACKFORD.*) My son sir, little Wackford. What do you think of him for a specimen of the Dotheboy's Hall feeding? Ain't he fit to bust out of his clothes, and start the seams, and make the very buttons fly off with his fatness? (*Turning the boy round, patting him, showing him off as he speaks*). Here's firmness! Here's solidness! Why, you can hardly get up

enough of him anywheres to pinch between your thumb and finger. (*Pinches WACKFORD, who screams and rubs the place.*) Well, you see I had him there, but we breakfasted early, and he hasn't had his lunch yet. Why, you couldn't shut a bit of him in the door when he's had his dinner. (*WACKFORD cries and whines about the pinch.*) Look at those tears, sir! There's oiliness!

*Mr. N.* Are you stopping at your old quarters?

*Squeers.* Yes, we're at the Saracen. And as it don't want very long till the end of the year we shall continny to stop there till I've collected some money and some new boys for the institution. I've brought little Wackford up on purpose to show to parents and guardians. I shall put him in the advertisement this time. Look at that *boy*, himself a pupil! He's a miracle of high feeding, that boy is! (*Curtain.*)

## SCENE II.

AUNT (*from David Copperfield*).

MISS BETSEY TROTWOOD, *David Copperfield's aunt. Tall girl with gardening gloves on, a big pocket in her apron, a handkerchief tied over her cap, and a large knife in her hand.*

DAVID COPPERFIELD, *a small boy, very dirty and ragged.*

MR. DICK, *a small man, with an inky manuscript in his hand, and a pen behind his ear.*

*Enter* DAVID COPPERFIELD, *looking wistfully up at* MISS TROTWOOD'S *house.*

*David.* If I only dared to go in!

*Enter* MISS TROTWOOD.

Go away! (*shaking her knife at him.*) Go along! Go away!  
No boys here! (*Stoops to dig in flower-bed with her knife.*)

*David* (*going up and touching her arm*). If you please, ma'am —

*Miss T.* (*turning sharply*). Eh?

*David*. If you please, aunt, I am your nephew.

*Miss T.* (*sitting flat on the ground*). O Lord!

*David*. I am your nephew, David Copperfield of Blunderstone. I have been treated very badly since my mamma died, and have run away to you, as you are my aunt. I have suffered everything on my journey.

*Miss T.* Mercy on us! mercy on us! mercy on us! (*calling to servant within*.) Janet! Tell Mr. Dick I wish to speak to him.

*Enter MR. DICK, laughing, and winking at DAVID.*

*Miss T.* Mr. Dick, don't be a fool. Nobody can be wiser than you when you try. You have heard me mention David Copperfield. Don't pretend you haven't.

*Mr. D.* David Copperfield? *David* Copperfield. O yes, to be sure. David, certainly.

*Miss T.* Well, this is his son. And he's done a pretty piece of business. He's run away from home and come to me, because I am his *aunt*, The question I put to you is, what shall I do with him?

*Mr. D.* (*eyeing David and scratching his head*). Do with him?

*Miss T.* Yes, come, I want your advice.

*Mr. D.* (*brightening*). Do with him? Why, if I was you, being his *aunt*, I should *wash* him. (*Curtain.*)

### SCENE III.

BUOYANT (*pantomime and tableaux from Our Mutual Friend*.)

JENNY WREN, the doll's dressmaker, a little girl with very long, golden hair, asleep in her chair, with thimble on, and lap

full of ribbon-y scraps. Her crutch leans against the chair. On a table beside her a tallow candle burns low, and dolls and scraps are scattered about. Her drunken father lies asleep on the floor, with an old hat, partly crushed, under his head for a pillow. The stage is darkened for a moment. Then music behind the scenes softly plays, and the stage gradually grows light. Six little girls enter from the left, simultaneously with six from the right. They are dressed in short white dresses of light material, with spangled slippers, and carry garlands of flowers over their arms and in their hands. They advance till the two "rows of bright children" meet, keeping step lightly and *buoyantly* to the music, and form a circle around Jenny Wren. Music plays faster, and the children dance around her, in the simple, well-known figure of the may-pole dance in Fanchon the Cricket; only, instead of weaving ribbons they wave their garlands. After dancing around Jenny Wren twice, one springs *buoyantly* to the back of her chair, and drops wreath upon her head, while another kneels at her feet, filling her lap. Then all suddenly stop, forming tableau, upon which red light should be thrown.



# DOTAGE.

A DICKENS CHARADE IN THREE SCENES.

BY FANNIE M. JOHNSON.

---

SCENE I. — DOT.

[From *Cricket on the Hearth*.]

JOHN PEERYBINGLE, *a tall carrier, slow in motion and speech, dressed in long waterproof coat and tall boots.*

DOT PEERYBINGLE, *a little, plump, lively woman, neat dress large apron with bib, morning cap. with little jaunty bows, on her head.*

DEAF STRANGER, *white wig, traveler's dress, carries a large ear-trumpet and a camp-chair.*

TILLY SLOWBOY, *very slow and awkward, dress made of several odd garments, out-grown jacket gaping in the back.*

DOT and her HUSBAND sitting at supper. TILLY SLOWBOY awkwardly tending the baby, which may be made of a small pillow dressed in a long gown, with a ruffled cap on the head. Carrier's parcels, bags and boxes strewn around the room. DOT pouring the tea, and JOHN taking great mouthfuls of brea and butter.

*Dot.* So these are all the parcels, are they, John?

*John.* That's all, *Dot.* Why—no—I—” (*laying down his knife and fork*) I declare! I clean forgot the old gentleman!

*Dot.* The old gentleman?

*John.* In the cart, *Dot.* He was asleep among the straw the last time I saw him. (*Rising.*) Hallo! Yahip there! Rouse up! That's my hearty!

*JOHN hurries to the door with a candle in his hand, and returns escorting the deaf old gentleman. The STRANGER bows to DOT, and, opening the camp-chair, seats himself upon it, and pulling a newspaper out of his pocket begins to read.*

*John.* There! that's the way I found him, *Dot,* sitting by the roadside, upright as a mile-stone, and almost as deaf.

*Dot.* Sitting in the open air, *John?*

*John.* In the open air, just at dusk. “Carriage paid,” he said, and gave me eighteen pence. Then he got in. And there he is!

*Stranger (looking up from his paper).* If you please, I was to be left till called for. Don't mind me. (*Resumes his reading, but presently looks up again, and looks from DOT to JOHN.*) Your daughter, my good friend?

*John (very loudly).* WIFE!

*Stranger (putting trumpet to his ear).* Niece?

*John (roars).* WIFE!

*Stranger.* Ah! Indeed! Surely! Very young!

*STRANGER reads a few moments very intently, and then looks up from his paper at the baby.*

*Stranger.* Baby yours? (*JOHN nods.*) Ah! also very young.

*Dot (striking in, shouts in stranger's ear).* Two months and three da-a-ys! Vaccinated just six weeks ago-o! Took very

fine-ly! Considered by the doctors a very remarkable child! Equal to the general run of children at five months o-old! May seem impossible to you, but feels his legs already.

*DOT, out of breath, seizes the baby, ana dandles it up and down before the stranger's face, while TILLY SLOWBOY dances awkwardly about the baby, crying, Ketch-er! ketch-er!*

CURTAIN FALLS.

SCENE II. — AGE.

[From *Davia Copperfield*]

*DORA, reclining on a sofa, dressea in white wrapper, with her hair unbound, and floating over the pillow; holds a small dog in her arms.*

*BETSEY TROTWOOD, prim dress, cap and spectacles, sits in a chair, knitting.*

*Dora.* When I can run around, aunt, I shall make Jip race. He is getting quite slow and lazy.

*Betsey.* I suspect, my dear, that he has a worse disorder than that. Age, Dora.

*Dora.* Do you think he is old? O, how strange it seems that Jip should be old!

*Betsey.* It's a complaint we are all liable to, little one, as we get on in life I don't feel more free from it than I used to be, I assure you.

*Dora.* But Jip! even little Jip! O, poor fellow!

*Betsey.* I dare say he'll last a long time yet, Blossom. He must have a piece of flannel in his house this winter, and I

shouldn't wonder if he came out quite fresh again with the flowers in the spring. Bless the little dog! if he had as many lives as a cat, and was on the point of losing them all, he'd bark at me with his last breath, I believe.

*Dora (caressing Jip).* Even little Jip! O, poor fellow!

*Betsey.* His lungs are good enough, and his dislikes are not at all feeble. He has a good many years before him, no doubt. But if you want a dog to race with, little Blossom, he has lived too well for that, and I'll give you one.

*Dora.* Thank you, aunt, but don't, please.

*Betsey.* No?

*Dora.* I couldn't have any other dog but Jip. It would be so unkind to Jip. Besides, I couldn't be such friends with any other dog but Jip; because he wouldn't have known me before I was married, and wouldn't have barked at Doady when he first came to our house. I couldn't care for any other dog but Jip, I am afraid, aunt.

*Betsey.* To be sure, Dora. You are right.

*Dora.* You are not offended, are you?

*Betsey (patting DORA'S cheek).* Why, what a sensitive pet it is! To think that I could be offended!

*Dora.* No, no, I didn't really think so; but I am a little tired, and it made me silly for a moment to talk about Jip. He has known me in all that has happened to me, haven't you, Jip? And I couldn't bear to slight him because he was a little altered, — could I, Jip? You are not so old, Jip, that you'll leave your mistress yet. We may keep one another company a little longer.

**CURTAIN FALLS.**

SCENE III. — DOTAGE.

[From *Bleak House*.]

GRANDFATHER SMALLWEED, *dressed in rusty, old-fashioned clothes, wig or skull-cap.*

GRANDMOTHER SMALLWEED, *old-fashioned gown, long apron, white cap, with great ruffled border.*

JUDY SMALLWEED, *dress very scant and skimped, no ornaments, hair twisted back in a hard knot, and fastened with an immense horn comb.*

BARTHOLOMEW SMALLWEED, *a small man, long coat and tall hat; carries cane.*

CHARLEY, *the chore girl, plain dress, rough apron, great bonnet on head, sleeves rolled up, scrubbing-brush in her hand.*

GRANDFATHER and GRANDMOTHER SMALLWEED *seated in arm-chairs on each side of the fire-place. Under GRANDFATHER SMALLWEED'S chair a box of money. Beside him a spare cushion to throw at GRANDMOTHER SMALLWEED'S head when she makes any allusion to money. JUDY SMALLWEED is setting the table, with a great clatter. She sets a sheet-iron tea-tray on the table, and arranges cups and saucers; spreads bread and butter, and cuts it in small slices.*

*Grandfather S.* Where is that girl?

*Judy.* Charley, do you mean?

*Grandfather S. (very loud).* Hey?

*Judy.* Charley, do you mean?

*Grandmother S. (chuckling and speaking in a piping sing-song voice).* Over the water, Charley over the water, over the water to Charley, over the water to Charley.

*Grandfather S. (looks threateningly at the old lady, lifts the cushion, but does not throw it, and lays it down again).* Ha! if that's her name. She eats a deal. It would be better to allow her for her keep.



Judy. No.

Grandfather S. No! Why not?

Judy. She'd want sixpence a day, and we can do it for less.

Grandfather S. Sure?

Judy (*nodding her head emphatically*). Yes. (*Raising her voice.*) You Charley, where are you? (*Charley appears in the doorway and curtsies.*) What work are you doing now?

Charley. I'm a-cleaning the up-stairs back room, miss.

Judy. Mind you do it thoroughly, and don't loiter. Shirking won't do for me. Go along (*stamping on the floor*). You girls are more trouble than you're worth!

(CHARLEY goes out, and BARTHOLOMEW comes in.)

Grandfather S. Aye, aye, Bart! Here you are, hey?

Bart. Here I am! (*Seats himself astride a chair.*)

Grandfather S. Been along with your friend again, Bart? (*BART nods.*) Dining at his expense, Bart? (*BART nods again.*) That's right! Live at his expense as much as you can, and take warning by his foolish example. That's the use of such a friend — the only use you can put him to. (*JUDY brings GRANDFATHER S. his bread and butter and tea, which he takes.*) Yes, yes, that's such advice as your father would have given you, Bart. You never saw your father, more's the pity. He was my true son. He was my true son, Bart. A good accountant, and died fifteen years ago.

Grandmother S. (*bipingly*). Fifteen hundred pound, fifteen hundred pound in a black box, fifteen hundred pound locked up, fifteen hundred pound put away and hid.

GRANDFATHER SMALLWEED sets aside his bread and butter, seizes the cushion and throws it at her head, and sinks back overpowered. JUDY hauls him up, and shakes him into shape, punching him like a great bolster. The old lady is rescued from falling over the side of her chair, with her cap tumbled over one eye. JUDY plants her firmly in the chair, and steps back without straightening her cap.

CURTAIN FALLS.



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AMANDA	
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DOLLY DARRAH	. . . . . The Friend of Barbara
"GRANDMERE" MAYFIELDS	. . . . . The mother of Colonel Mayfields
HONORA DRAKE	. . . . . A staunch Loyalist
ANNE VAN DRESSER	. . . . . The friend of Amanda
JACQUELINE MARIE VALCARTIER,	A French-Canadian girl of fullen
fortune	. . . . . Grandmere's attendant
BETSEY ROSS.	
TROUBLES	} . . . . . Slaves
CHLOE	
MINERVA	
DASSY	

*Guests for the Sewing-Bee in Act I, and for the Ball in Act III.*

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ACT I.—Philadelphia. In the garden at Madam Mayfields. Afternoon late in the month of May.

ACT II.—Scene I. At the old cabin. Sunset time. July Fourth.

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MRS. BROWN, *aged 50, very deaf.*  
MRS. JONES, *aged 30, stylish.*

MRS. GOSSIP, *aged 45, talkative.*  
MRS. TRUTHFUL, *aged 40, honest.*  
MISS CHATTER, *aged 25, up-to-date.*  
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ELIPHALET SCROGGINS, *the defendant, and Mrs. Scroggins' husband.*

PRAY WRIGHT, *a pretended minister, better known as "Slick Jim."*

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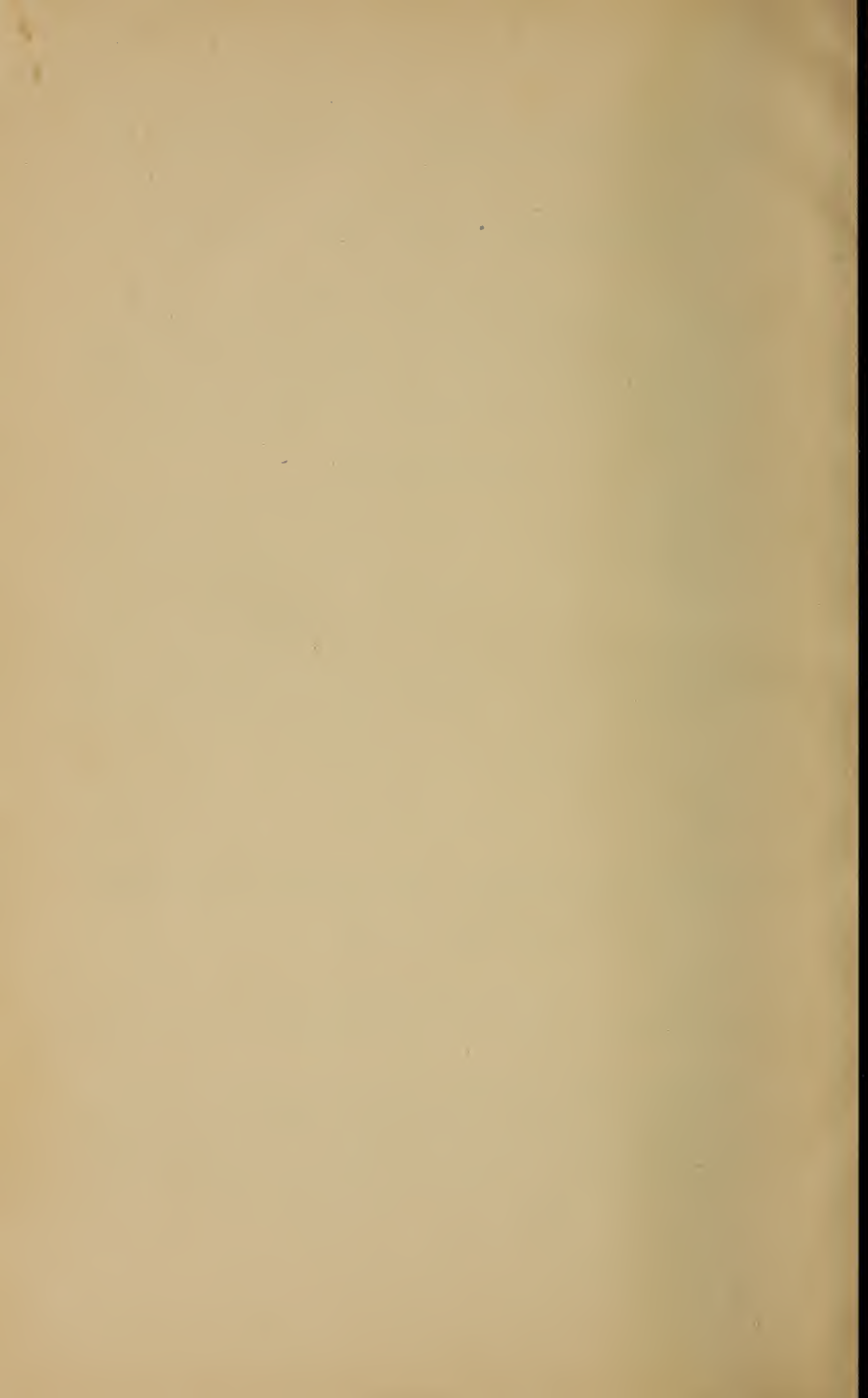
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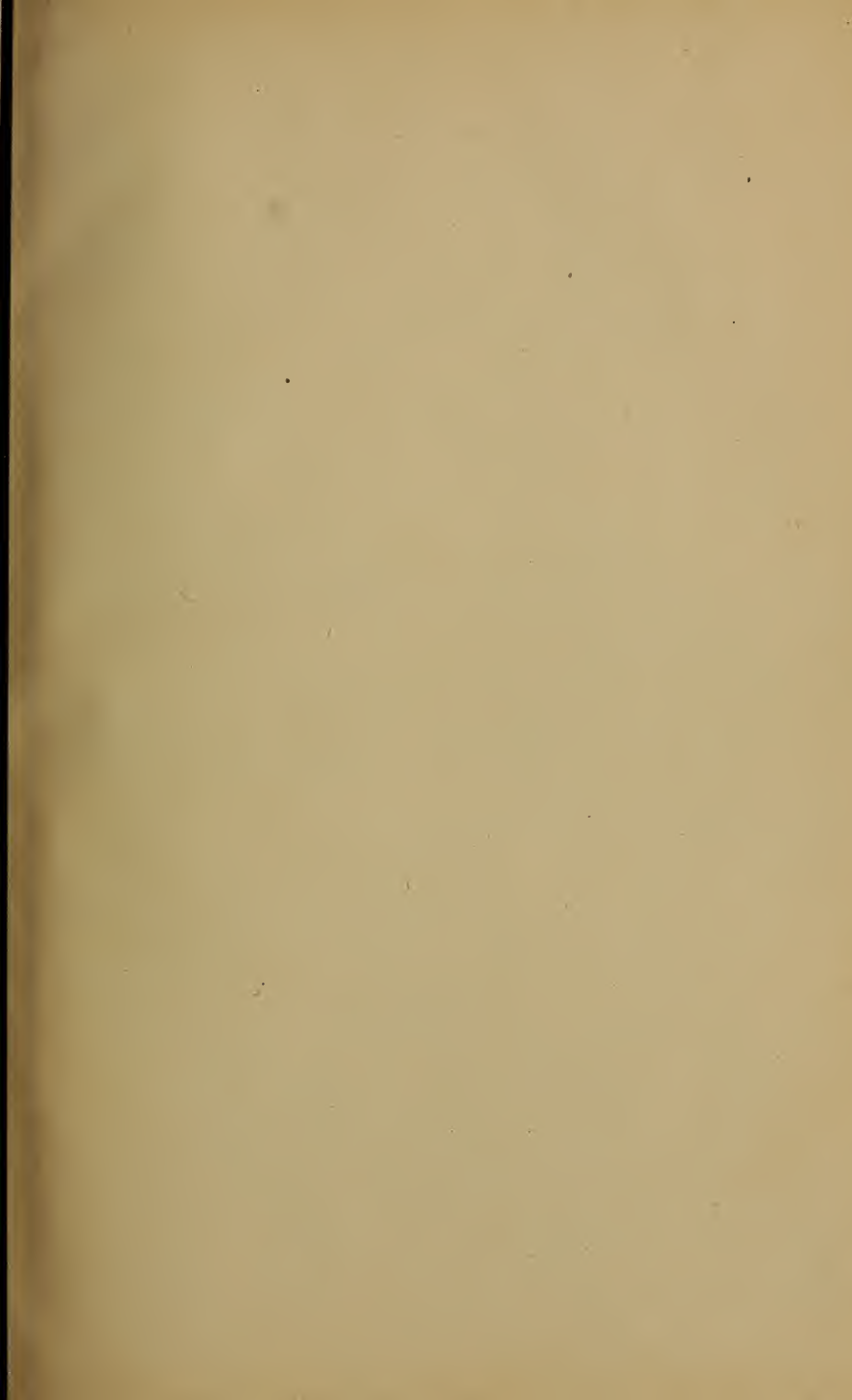
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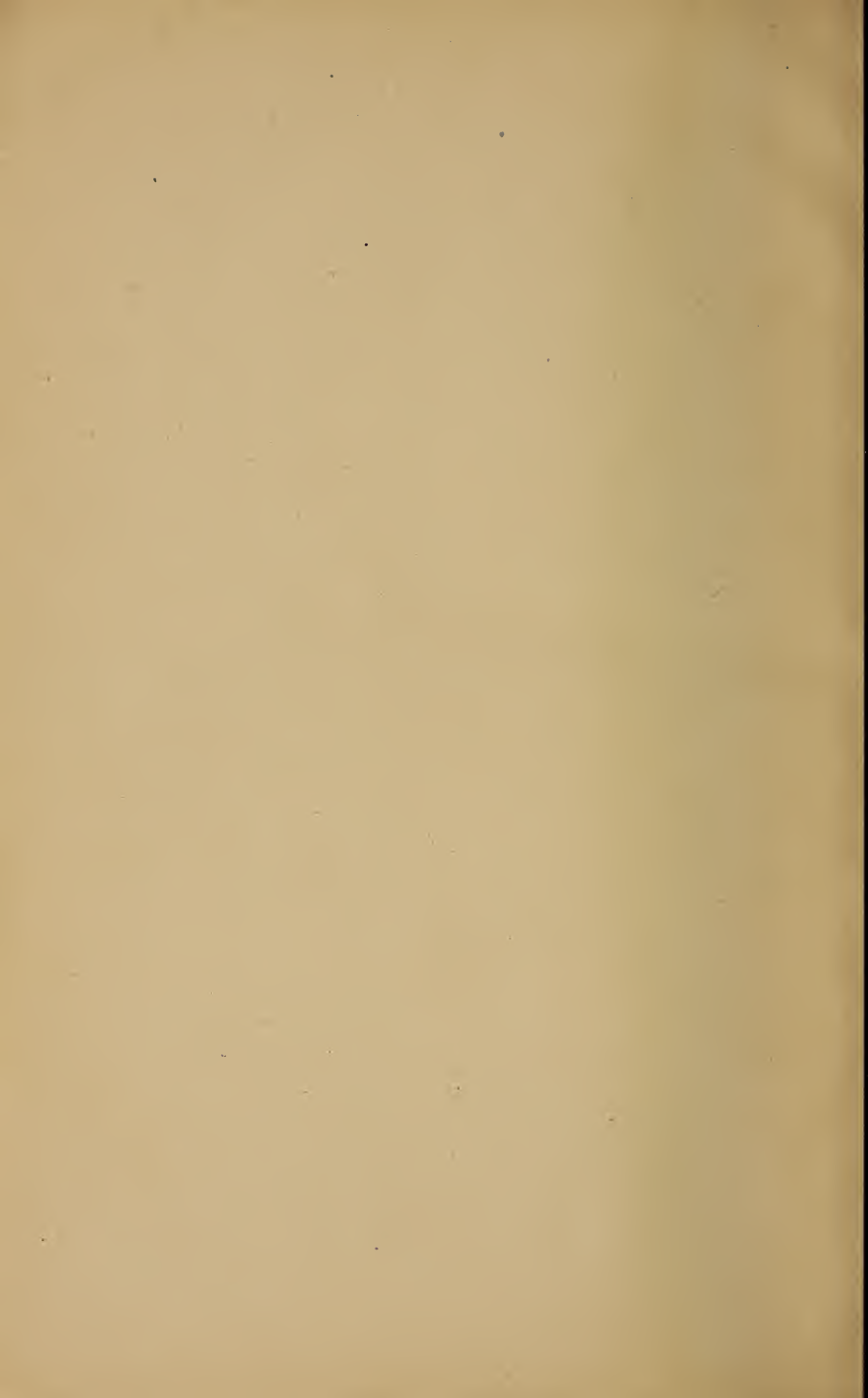
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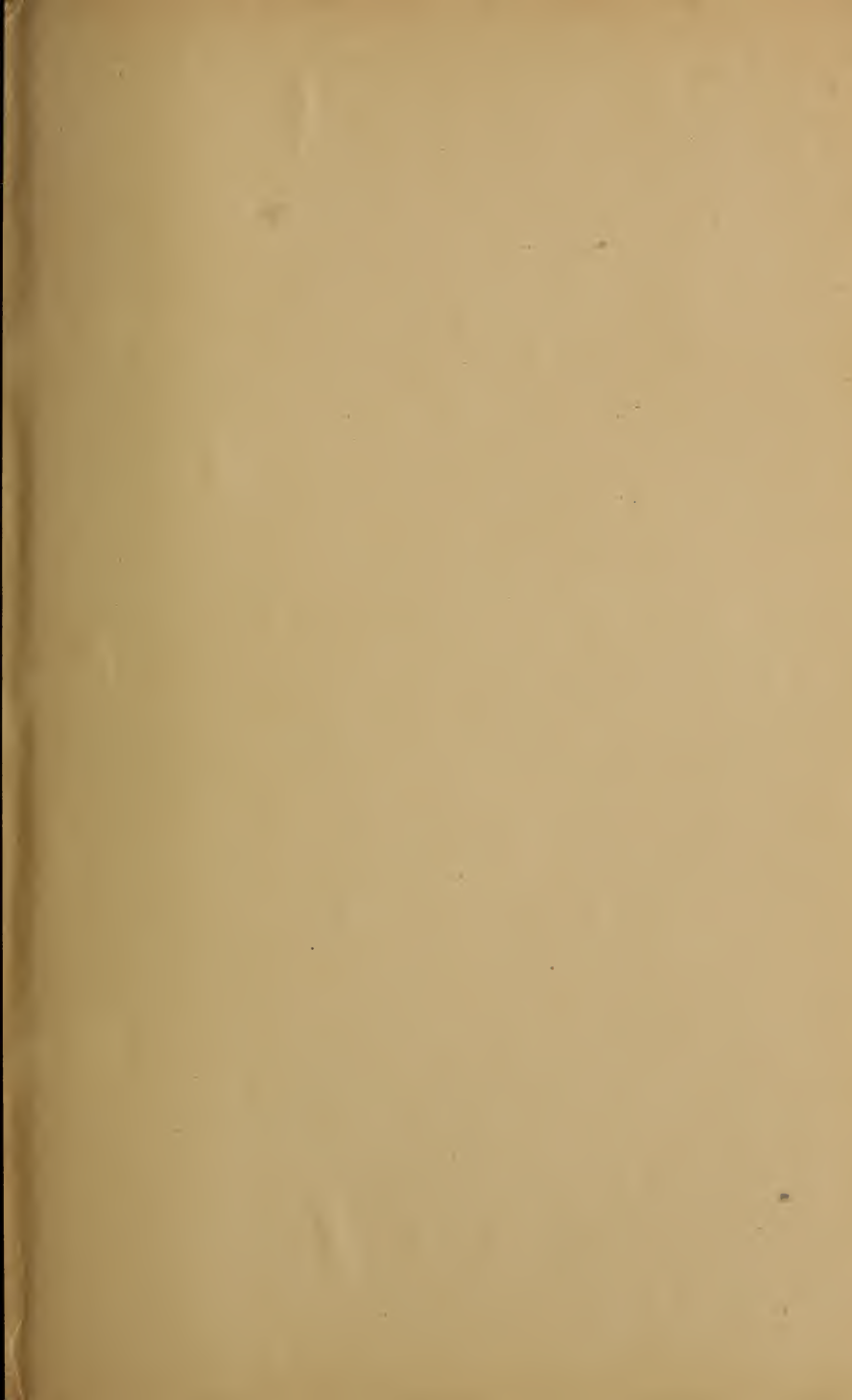














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